HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE next number of the *Weekly* will begin a New Volume. Persons desiring to subscribe will find this a good time to begin. It is the intention of the Publishers to make the *Weekly* still more worthy of public favor than it has been; the first literary and artistic talent will be employed to make it what it proposes to be—the best Family Paper in the world, and an indispensable fireside companion in every American Home.

THE HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

THE public will recognize the portrait given on this page; few Americans are ignorant of the features of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. Certainly no statesman in this country stands so prominently before the public at the present time as the famous Senator from Illinois. Nor has any other enjoyed that peculiar attribute of greatness—senseless abuse—to so remarkable an extent.

Senator Douglas is a young man—one of the youngest members of the Senate. He was born in Vermont (in the town of Brandon, Rutland county) on 23d April, 1813, and is therefore but forty-four years of age.

His father, who was a doctor in good practice, died when he was two months old.—His mother went to live on a farm which she and her brother—a bachelor—had inherited from their parents. The farm was fertile; the brother and sister saved money: it was understood between them that they were to give to young Stephen and his sister the best education the State afforded. Unhappily, the brother met, at a fair, a young lady whose good looks overturned his bachelor resolutions; he married, and when young Stephen reached the age at which he was to have been sent to college, his uncle informed him that he could not afford the expense. With characteristic energy the boy resolved to shift for himself. He was fifteen at the time. He became an apprentice to the cabinet-making business at Middlebury, and subsequently at Brandon.

It sets one a thinking to realize that, had Stephen A. Douglas's health been good, he would, in all probability, have been at the present time a successful maker of bedsteads and sofas in Vermont—with the additional glory, perhaps, of serving that State in the Legislature when his cabinet business allowed him the luxury.

As good luck would have it, his health could not stand incessant labor at the lathe; and his mother and sister shortly afterward marrying a father and son by the name of Granger, he went to live with them in the State of New York, attended the Canandaigua Academy, and at the same time studied law.

When he was twenty he resolved to seek his fortune in the West, and removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he had the good fortune to make an arrangement with a leading lawyer which was to eventuate in a partnership between them. Here, at the outset, it seemed that fortune smiled upon him; his dreams were realized already. Alas for the uncertainty of human hopes! That scourge of the West, fever and ague, with its accompaniment, bilious fever, seized young Douglas and prostrated him. He lost, first, his prospects of future advancement; next, his present livelihood.

Away, then, with but little prospect or definite aim, to the further West—to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and other places, in search of a livelihood. With small success; he was stranded at last at Jacksonville, Illinois, with thirty-seven-and-a-half cents in his pocket. It chanced that the morning after his arrival the goods of a recently-deceased merchant were to be sold at auction, and, at the moment he made his appearance in the market-place, the auction was at a standstill for want of a clerk. No one was present who could write; or, perhaps, those who possessed the accomplishment were unwilling to serve as clerk. The moment the stranger appeared, a dozen voices accosted him:

"Can you write?"

"A little," said the modest youth.

"Will you be clerk to the auction at two dollars a day?"

Young Douglas agreed; and never in his life has he felt so independent, he says, as on the third day of the auction, when six dollars were handed him as his share of the spoils.

At the close of the sale, his writing being something very superior to the article to which the people of Jacksonville had been accustomed, he was asked whether he would become a schoolmaster. He agreed, provided the enormous salary of five hundred a year were secured to him. The Jacksonville community agreed to the condition, and he entered upon his duties as schoolmaster. The evening he devoted to the study of law; and such was his reputation, or his good fortune, that, having been admitted to practice on his attaining his majority, in 1834, he was elected by the Legislature as State's Attorney, over Colonel John J. Hardin, within a year from that time.

He had always taken a lively interest in politics, and had wrought manfully in his boyhood for Jackson, in his contest with Adams. He was now destined to become an active sharer in political contests. When the election of 1836 came round, John J. Hardin was at the head of the Whig ticket. His friends, not unnaturally annoyed at young Douglas's triumph over Hardin before the Legislature, challenged him to meet their champion before the people; and one of the Democratic candidates resigning in favor of Douglas, he ran on the regular ticket, and was duly elected. It is pleasant to remember that the contest, though unusually acrimonious, was not attended by any interruption of pleasant intercourse between the rivals; to the day of poor Hardin's death he accounted Stephen A. Douglas one of his best friends.

In the following year (1837) he ran for Congress. His opponent, Mr. Stuart, a well-known Whig, stumped the State with him; they used the same conveyance, and sometimes, it is said, slept in the same bed. There were no better friends in Illinois—though they abused each other frightfully at the meetings which took place every evening. At the election Douglas was defeated by 35 votes, the total amount cast being over 36,000, and over 100 votes for Douglas being rejected in consequence of his name being spelled Douglass instead of Douglas.

In 1840 Illinois, as is known, went Democratic, and Douglas became Secretary of State. He relinquished his position for that of Judge of the Supreme Court of the State—a life office, and one which was well suited to the legal mind of Mr. Douglas. It was his service on the Supreme Court bench which earned for him the sobriquet of "Judge," by which he is still best known in the Western country.

In 1843 the Democratic party, being in want of a reliable candidate for Congress, pitched upon Judge Douglas; but, with an honorable feeling, rare enough in political conventions, solicited him *not* to resign his office of Supreme Court Judge until the election was decided.—Judge Douglas refused to consent to any such arrangement. He had his doubts about re-entering the political arena under any circumstances, but, in deference to his political associates, he at length agreed to put himself in nomination, and again, as before, stumped the State in the company of his opponent, Mr. Browning. Both wrought so strenuously that on the day of election both were in bed, side by side, quaking with fever and ague, and the returns were read to them in the intervals of the chills.

Subsequent re-elections followed, by large majorities, and in 1847 he was chosen to the high and responsible post of Senator of the United States from Illinois. In the same year he married a daughter of Colonel Robert Martin, of North Carolina, and with her obtained a large amount of landed and other property.

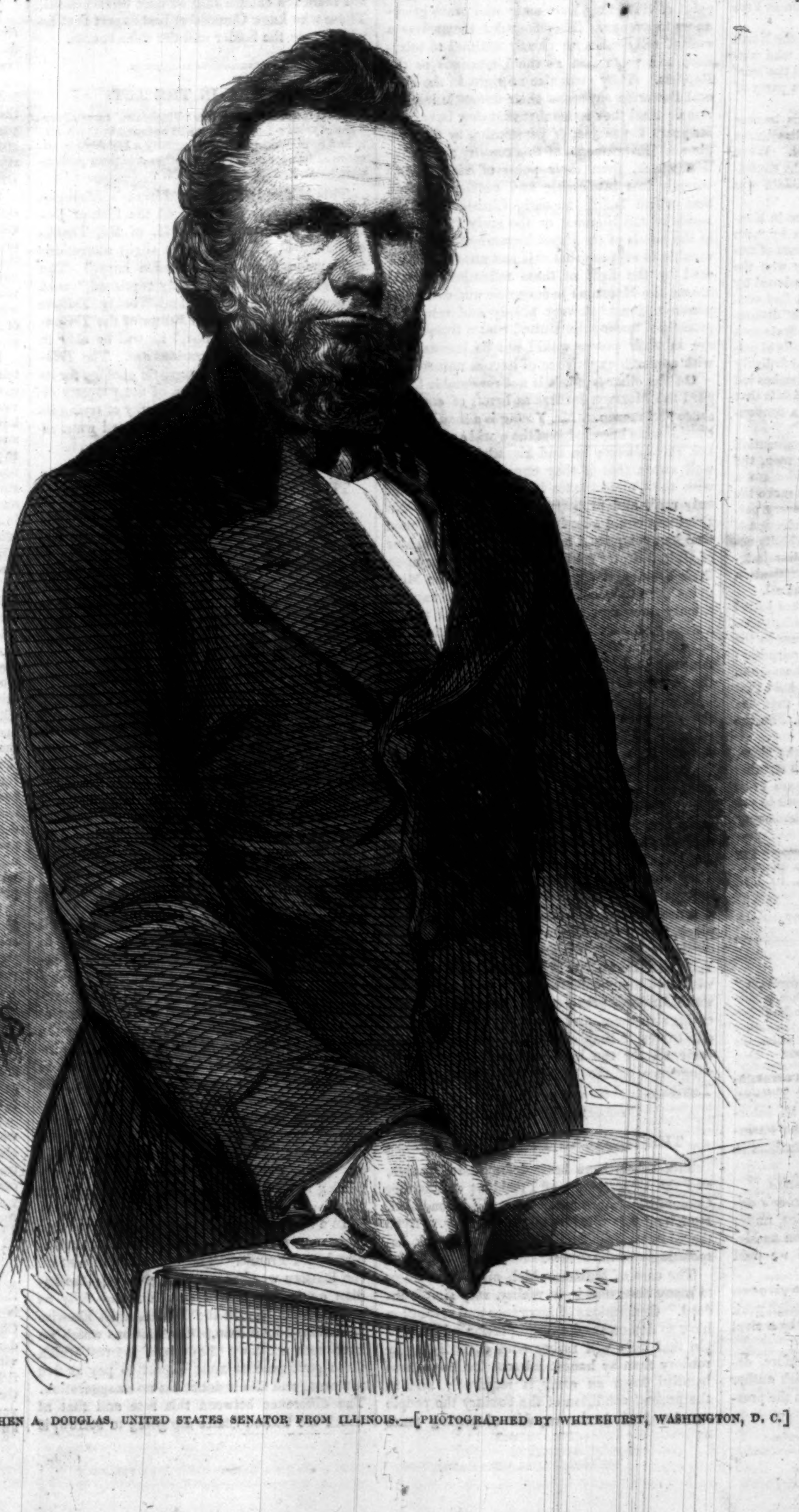
His services in Congress were useful. He was a strenuous opponent of the pretensions of Great Britain in relation to Oregon, and took a leading part in the advocacy of many other important measures of the day. Among others he delivered the leading speech on the resolution to refund the fine paid by General Jackson under the order of Judge Hall, for the declaration of martial law at New Orleans during the war. A touching anecdote is connected with his interference in this matter.

During the Nashville Convention, which was held some time afterward, ex-President Jackson invited the members to the Hermitage. When Judge Douglas was presented, the old hero exclaimed:

"Are you the Mr. Douglas of Illinois who delivered a speech in Congress showing that I did not violate the Constitution at New Orleans?"

"I did deliver a speech on that subject," said Mr. Douglas, modestly.

"Then sit down here beside me. I desire to return you my thanks for that speech. You are the first man I know who has done me justice. You have relieved my mind from a



HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

weight that has lain upon it for thirty years. Let me thank you, Sir."

Senator Douglas's heart was too full to speak. He pressed the veteran's hand, and withdrew from the room to conceal his emotion.

It was in 1850 that Senator Douglas became one of the leading statesmen of the country. His opposition to the insertion of the Wilmot Proviso in the two and three million bills—which was based on the practical ground that the agitation of the Slavery question was not necessary at that time—attracted to him the universal attention of the Southern States.

After the election of Pierce, it became necessary to organize Kansas and Nebraska as Territories of the United States. The natural principle—the principle on which all the governments of the country are based—was that the people of the Territory should decide on their domestic institutions. Unhappily there existed an Act of Congress, which had been passed in 1820, in order to smooth the way for the peaceful admission of Missouri, by which it had been agreed that, thenceforth and forever, all United States territory north of a given line should be Free, and not Slave territory. This palpable interference with, and violation of the inherent right of all free communities to select their own institutions, stood in the way of any fair and constitutional organization of territorial governments in Kansas and Nebraska; yet the Southern politicians shrank from encountering the storm which the disturbance of a law of thirty years' standing, on the delicate subject of Slavery, would be certain to arouse. In that emergency Senator Douglas devoted himself to the cause of future peace. His position as Chairman of the Territorial Committee enabled him to take the lead naturally; he introduced into Congress bills which repealed the ill-judged Missouri Compromise, and left the people of Kansas and Nebraska free to choose their own institutions, and, on obtaining the requisite population, to seek admission to the Union as Free or Slave States, as they chose.

The storm which these bills created in the North will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Dissolution of the Union was the least of evils that were threatened by the ultra party of the North.

Right will prevail, however; the bills became laws, Kansas was organized, and the dissolution of the Union was indefinitely postponed. When the election came round, not only was the confederacy upheld, but the Democratic candidate was elected to the Presidency.

Meanwhile grave difficulties had arisen in Kansas. Strenuous efforts had been made by both sections of the country to pour in a stream of immigration, and the North had naturally won the day. But the contest had not been abandoned by the pro-slavery leaders. Many of them had seriously damaged their cause by overt acts of dishonesty, fraud, and violence; while the Free-State men were damaging theirs by becoming the tools of politicians in this section of the country, and foolishly abstaining from the elections. These mistakes led to a series of complications, the last of which is that concerning the Constitution adopted by a convention held at Lecompton last fall.

This Constitution was framed by a convention consisting almost wholly of pro-slavery men, the Free-State residents of the Territory—who are a large majority of the voters—having, to serve the purposes of the politicians of the anti-slavery party, insanely abstained from voting at the election of delegates. The Constitution adopted submits nothing but the slavery clause to the popular judgment; on all the other sections of the Constitution the people of the Territory have no say at all.

On this Constitution Senator Douglas has joined issue with the Administration. The President considers the submission of the slavery clause to the people amply sufficient for all practical purposes; Senator Douglas, Governor Walker of Kansas, and other prominent Democratic politicians, hold that the genius of our institutions requires that the whole Constitution should be submitted. So the quarrel stands.

Senator Douglas married, some months since, Miss Cutts of Washington, one of the most striking belles of the capital. He and his bride are to be seen at every social gathering; it is difficult to say whether the genius of the husband or the beauty of the wife attracts the most homage.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 26, 1857.

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

Mr. Thackeray's new Story, "The Virginians," with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

to copy this Story from our Magazine

into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations*. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

THE MORMON WAR.

Our latest advices from Utah Territory hold out a prospect of a collision between the United States troops and the Mormon forces before the spring. The advanced guard of the expeditionary force is only waiting for the arrival of Col. Johnson to occupy winter-quarters, if necessary, at the cost of a brush with the Mormons, and to hold them against any force the Mormons may muster to expel them. On the other hand, we hear of an unmistakable resolution on the part of the subjects of Brigham Young to repel by force any invasion of their Territory. This resolution we find reiterated in the legislative acts of the Territory, in the proceedings of the ecclesiastical assembly, and in the tone of the local press. All are clear that the supposed rights of the Mormons must be defended at any cost. Between the two, the prospect of a fight seems very fair indeed.

If it were fair to assume that before March next the question at issue between the United States and Brigham Young would be finally referred to the arbitrement of the sword, the friends of the officers and men employed on the expeditionary force would have good ground for anxiety; for the Mormons can muster three fighting men to one of the United States troops, exclusive of Indians, over whom Brigham Young is believed to enjoy such influence that he could rally several thousand to his side. If the Mormons seriously resolved to engage in a conflict with the troops of the United States, they might, before spring, place the expeditionary force in a very perilous strait indeed.

There are reasons for supposing that they may come to such a resolution. From their point of view, they have many and grave grievances to avenge. They consider themselves a sect of religionists as clearly entitled to tolerance and protection as the Unitarians or the Baptists. They recognize no right in the Federal Power to supervise their domestic institutions. And they remember that they have been for years the subject of persecution by the people and Governments of this country; persecution which, from their point of view, seems scarcely less intolerable and outrageous than that which befell the early Christians at the hands of the Romans, or the early Protestants at the hands of the Papal hierarchy. It is reasonable to suppose that this last attack, considered by the light of these reflections, should arouse the Mormons to energetic and even desperate action. A very bloody and relentless procedure toward the United States troops who are in their power would not be inconsistent with common experience of human nature.

On the other hand, it is not reasonable to regard the Mormon leaders as bereft of common sense and reason. Mr. Young is a man of very considerable knowledge of the world and of Yankee shrewdness; he and his advisers must be well aware that if they engaged in a conflict with the United States it would cost them not only rank and property, but life as well. No President could afford to spare the lives of men who had compassed and achieved the slaughter of United States soldiers. If, presuming upon their accidental superiority of force, the Mormons were to attack and overcome the expeditionary force now in Utah, there would not be a nook or corner on this continent which could screen them from the just vengeance of the American people. This none know better than the Mormon leaders.

It was, doubtless, the President's reliance on the prudence of Mr. Young and his advisers which induced him to risk Colonel Johnson's force. He calculated on the common sense of the Mormons as the best guarantee for the safety of our troops. It is to be hoped that the calculation will be justified by events. The Mormons are, from all accounts, a very formidable race of people. They mostly come of a pure Anglo-Saxon stock, with little or no admixture. They would fight, if they determined to do so, in a resolute, courageous manner. Armed with a sense of past injuries and their hereditary pluck, they would form a very difficult people to crush out utterly, if it came to the test of arms. With their fanaticism to inspire them, they could withstand many defeats without losing heart. It would, indeed, prove a sanguinary business to extinguish them, and a very serious matter for our troops if they chose, this winter, to stake their all for the sake of wreaking a bloody vengeance on the United States forces in the Territory.

THE MEXICAN DICTATORSHIP.

The rebels have been defeated in Mexico, and the Government of President or Dictator Comonfort is once more in a solid condition. How long this will last no one can say. Even the warmest friends of the Dictator speak despondingly of the future.

The case of Mexico, which appears hopeless to many observers, is, in reality, very simple indeed. Generations of ignorance and revolution have so demoralized a large portion of the people that they will rather earn their living by robbery than by honest labor. To keep these banditti down an army is required; and in the present condition of the country the people are too poor to be capable of paying taxes enough to support such an army. This is the difficulty which has crippled Mexico, and destroyed every Government that has been established in the country for the last twenty-five years. Want of money has been their ruin.

Now there are but two ways in which a Government of Mexico can obtain money. One is, by selling land to the United States; the other, by taking the property of the Church. The former has been tried—with what success we all remember. Unfortunately Mexican pride is in proportion to Mexican poverty; the very name of selling more of the country to the foreigner would arouse a rebellion in Mexico. It was only by the most positive assurances on the part of Señor Comonfort that he would not alienate a foot of the national domain that the Mexican public became reconciled to his authority. The other plan—the spoliation of the Church—has likewise been tried, though only partially; and it led to the rebellion which is now temporarily put down. The Roman Catholic hierarchy are so powerful by their ecclesiastical influence and their wealth, that they can almost always master the Government, or at all events excite an insurrection which shall place the supreme authority in imminent peril.

Señor Comonfort's retention of power seems to depend on the manner in which he grapples with this Church property question. If he yields now, and agrees to spare the property of the Church, it is evident that he will fall, like all his predecessors, for want of money. If he perseveres in the conflict with the hierarchy, and persists in increasing their capacity for pastoral usefulness by stripping them of their enormous revenues, he may be worsted in the attempt; but there is a chance that he may be successful. Those who know Comonfort best expect that he will pursue the bolder and the safer course.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"The monthly parts of the 'Virginians,' *carefully reprinted from a London copy*, will be found in the Weekly and Semi-Weekly Tribune, usually a few days in advance of its appearance in any other American publication."—*N. Y. Tribune*, of Nov. 26.

This is simply untrue. *Harper's Magazine* for January was published on the 17th of December; it contained Part II. of Mr. Thackeray's Novel, in which three slight alterations were made from the "London copy." The "Virginians" was "carefully reprinted," *with these alterations*, in the Semi-Weekly *Tribune* the next day. When the Editor of the *Tribune* receives "a London copy," he will be able to ascertain what these alterations are. The *Tribune* has put forth a characteristic apology for its acknowledged appropriation of the property of another; it has now an opportunity of trying its hand at a defense of its demonstrated want of veracity.

THE ISSUE OF TREASURY NOTES.

Mr. Cobb has laid his wants before the Senate Committee on Finance, and the Senate has passed a bill for the issue of Treasury Notes. The main features of the bill have been anticipated by the Treasury Report. Not more than twenty millions are to be issued; no note is to be issued for less than a hundred dollars; they are to be redeemed at the expiration of a year; the rate of interest which the first six millions issued are to bear will be fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury; the remaining notes are to be sold, at par, for specie, to the parties who are willing to take them at the lowest rate of interest. These provisions may, of course, be altered in the House; but it seems probable that no material change will be made.

It is generally understood that Mr. Cobb will fix the rate of interest for the first six millions at three per cent. The leaders of finance in Wall Street spoke, a few days ago, of three and a half as the probable rate. But it seems likely that the lower figure will satisfy the public. For the present, at all events, such notes would become a common circulating medium for all parts of the country; at par from Maine to Florida; and as convenient for purposes of exchange as a common bank-note.

The prospect that the United States Government can obtain twenty millions of dollars at or near three per cent. speaks volumes for the credit and prosperity of the country and its institutions. Money, in New York, is worth, in the hands of a common-sense holder, about nine per cent. per annum; in Chicago, fifteen; in California, any rate you may choose to mention. A capitalist residing in any of these places considers himself unfortunate if he can not obtain these rates. Yet the same man is willing to lend his money to the Government at three.

In a short time we may expect to hear of new loans contracted by the Governments of England and France. The whole of the cost of the Russian war has not been paid off; the Indian affair, which will cost England fully as much as the war in the Crimea, must likewise be defrayed by a loan. Calculations which we have seen set down the rate of interest which these governments must expect to pay at five per cent., and this is doubtless no exaggeration. The difference between this rate and that at which the United States are going to borrow, is the best comment that could be made on the respective financial conditions of the two countries, and the best warning we could have against wars and national debts. For many years the governments of Europe have pursued the plan which has been so popular with our railways; they have paid the public magnificent dividends in gorgeous courts, grand armies, and great glory; but, to do this, they have every now and then gone into the market for a loan for "construction account." The end of all this has yet to come.

GENERAL WALKER.

Speculations abound as to the probable consequences of General Walker's landing in Nicaragua. All are curious to understand how it is possible for the great filibuster, with only one hundred and eighty men, to force his way up the San Juan, strongly garrisoned as its forts are by Costa Rican troops. It has been rumored that the command of this new expedition was confided, not to Walker, but to General Henningsen, and that the former hurried his departure from the United States in order to reap the prestige and the advantages which a successful landing would give. The delayed departure of Henningsen certainly lends a probability to the rumor. But be this as it may, Walker can not expect to do much at Punta Arenas with his present force, unless he receives strong native support, and this is very unlikely.

THE LOUNGER.

JACK FROST.

This famous engineer is already surveying the rivers and bay with a view to bridging them for the season. He has already laid down some very firm structures in various parts of the country, and on Thanksgiving-day there were a great many frolics upon new floors expressly laid by him for the occasion. His ornamentation of windows surpasses the work of the most famous Munich artists, and his coats-of-mail for bare trees are more beautiful than any thing of the kind since the silver armor of Knight Brion.

His favorite time for working is the night: clear, starlight, still nights inspire him, and the more quiet it is the more industrious is this nimble artist and engineer. Like bees caught in amber are the leaves and clumps of moss that float upon the streams and ponds upon which he operates. He takes them all into his work—and woe to the skater who does not heed them! Even the great rocks of Niagara he seizes and sets in his work, making precious stones of them.

Indeed nowhere is Jack Frost more regal and triumphant than at Niagara. If you will go there now, you will see him fringing the shore with silver—thin, transparent plates laid along the edge—but, by-and-by, advancing his works into the stream, he throws a flying arch from slippery point to point; he weaves strength into it from the evanescent, sparkling spray; he burnishes it with constant chafing; day by day the work increases; another arch leaps across a broader chasm, until, in the very boiling gulf below the cataract, a solid, glittering bridge is built from shore to shore, spanned by the immortal rainbow that consoles the long agony of the fall.

This celebrated engineer is of so cold a temperament that he was always accounted very virtuous. But later discoveries threaten to deprive him of this fair name. In Norway, where he is most at home, he is supposed, not without good reason, to have corrupted public morals; and the letters of recent travelers in the North inform us of a state of things which we had always hitherto associated with warmer climates. Under his direct patronage, also, there is a universal drinking, almost to the degree of universal drunkenness; while, among the denizens of milder lands, a similar excess is comparatively rare. Perhaps the purity of his appearance, his innocent complexion, has deceived mankind. It is hard to believe that an artist whose delicate arabesques upon the windows make winter mornings so gorgeous, and which make real in a night the long dream and idea of architecture which centuries have never perfected, can so deprave a national character.

Is Jack Frost, after all, then, a kind of Aminidab Sleek? Is he a smooth hypocrite, with this difference only, that he does his work with his hand instead of his tongue? Is he—horrible thought!—perhaps worse than all this, and even a murderer? Where, then, are all the birds that sang before he came? Whither has vanished that merry, continuous prattle of brooks in the woods? Whence comes the silence of the leaves that whispered to those brooks—and the leaves themselves, where are they? What is the meaning of the low moan at sunset; and why is the night filled with one long, melancholy sigh?

Does this sly malefactor obscure the window with beauty that we may not see out into the desolation he has caused? Is that soft, impervious tracery only the impenetrable curtain of his misdeeds? Is he really a benefactor, or does he only wrap his sin in splendor until it shines like a virtue?

EATING YOUR CAKE AND HAVING YOUR CAKE.

The Lounger observes, with great satisfaction, that the annual performance of this interesting feat is about coming off. An admirable selection of Christian polkas and charitable Lancers is to be danced at the Academy, and the whole city is invited to do good and to feel good. You buy a ticket—you go to the Academy—you embark in the delicious mazy—you adore the eyes of Julia—you admire the flounces of Mary—you behold with awe the circumferential magnificence of Appollidora; the music is sweet—the lights are bright—the hearts are gay—the world rolls smoothly round—you go home weary, happy, dazzled; you think what a capital time you have had; you think of the ample worth of your money, in the excitement and enjoyment. Thou fool! Why forgettest thou the very flower of the whole? Why not remember it was all for charity?

Think of stuffing yourself before going to bed with that delicious cake, and then awaking in the morning and finding it as large and uneaten as ever! That is the exquisite secret of a charity ball. It is the crown of Christian civilization.

The thing is magical. Eugene takes out his five dollars. "Now," says Eugene, "I put this money into the hands of this unhappy beggar, and he can only buy five dollars' worth of food or fire—no more; and I get nothing but the satisfaction of giving it to him." Eugene grants that it is all well, even in that view; but the thoughtful youth is of a thrifty turn, and he would like to buy something more, if it were possible, with the same five dollars. Food for the poor, and a pleased conscience for himself, make a double purchase with the same money; couldn't he arrange a triple "transaction?"

Now mark, how wonderful is man!

Eugene buys a ticket to a ball with his five dollars. He enjoys himself, as per the morning papers, at that brilliant festivity. He knows that the dollars, less a little discount, are given to the poor and buy bread. This thought gives him the glow of charitable emotion, as before, but he has completed his triple transaction, he has purchased, in addition, that evening of delight.

There seems to remain but one other step, which will quadruple the operation. Who will be the public benefactor to show in what manner the three purchases of bread, charity, and pleasure may be made, and then, fourthly and finally (for who would wish to push them farther?), how the five dollars can return into Eugene's pocket?

MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

WHEN that distinguished songster, Mister Martin Farquhar Tupper, finished Coleridge's "Christabel," nobody supposed that the wondrous poem was any more complete than before. It happened that the genius of the poet was not continued in the Tupper; but "Christabel" was the work of a poet; how, then, could any number of Tuppers accomplish what only a poet could do?

The case is similar with the "Don Juan" of Lord Byron. The alacrity with which dabsters undertake to complete the fragmentary remains of genius is only surpassed by their inability.

But there was one more ludicrous spectacle possible than that of Tupper continuing Coleridge. That would have been the Society of Linendrapers, or of Fishmongers, in London, undertaking to decree the completion of "Christabel." If a woman leaves a handkerchief unhemmed, or a man a log of wood unsplit, the work, in both cases, may be easily carried to completion. But how can the most capable Mrs. Jones in the world finish an unfinished sonnet of Sappho's? or the most industrious and well-meaning painter put the last touches to one of Titian's portraits?

Whatever is merely mechanical a mere mechanic can accomplish; but in every great work of art there is something which is not mechanical, and for that, if the artist have left no plan, no model or hint of his idea, the world will always wait, and wait in vain. Now, sculpture is an art which combines very closely mechanical skill with the inspiration of genius. The sculptor makes his model; it is prepared for the workmen; they block out the statue; they bring it to great perfection; but the master's hand gives the final touch of life, which makes the work not only an accurate copy of a fine model but a living statue. A sculptor is not only a man who can conceive a statue better than his neighbors, but who can also execute it, and his own hand has a cunning beyond that of his best workmen. And if he die before the work is done it can never be done precisely as he would have done it, although he may have left a model from which to work, and the only honorable course to pursue, in respect to him and his work and art itself, is to leave it altogether untouched—like the famous figures by Michael Angelo, in the Medici Chapel in Florence—or to intrust it to the man, if there be such, in whom the artist confided, and who will so far sympathize with the artist and his unfinished labors as to secure the best result possible under the circumstances.

This is clearly the course to pursue with the Washington statue upon which Crawford was engaged. If he named any man as one who commanded his confidence to that degree that he was willing to intrust his marbles to him, that settles the doubt. If he did not name any such person he must be sought among those whom various circumstances indicate as competent. But for a Legislature arbitrarily to name the person, without the most careful investigation, is as wise as for the Honorable Society of Grocers to invite Tupper to complete Coleridge.

PROBONO PUBLICO'S OPINION.

THERE are some possessions that entail distinct duties. If a man, for instance, should become the owner of a statue hidden from old time to ours, and more beautiful than any sculpture known in the world, he would have no moral right—even if he did own it—to knock it to pieces. The reason is that beauty is one of the chief moral influences; that beauty in works of art is very rare, being dependent upon that which is necessarily rarest of all—genius; and by the destruction of the statue an influence of good would be annihilated; and that no man has a right to do.

The case is the same with pictures; and that worthy citizen, Probono Publico, declares that if a man have very rare and beautiful pictures, he, for the same reason, in a lesser degree, has no right to hoard them, and so practically effect their destruction by secluding them from sight. But that is a case which could hardly arise among civilized and public-spirited citizens, and is not worth considering.

The Lounger has been particularly reminded of these things by the letters which have passed between some well-known friends of art in New York and the late Minister to the Hague, Mr. Belmont. His Excellency bought a great many fine pictures while he was in Europe, and now proposes to exhibit them to the public, and to give the proceeds to charity.

There is undoubtedly at this time an immense collection of really fine pictures, native and foreign, in New York. They are scattered, of course, in private houses, and we are ignorant of our own riches. How soon, then, shall we have an exhibition which shall bring them all together? If the gentlemen who have written to Mr. Belmont would make themselves a committee for the purpose, and invite contributions of pictures, their names would be an evidence of the spirit and completeness with which the work would be done, and a surety to the owners of the pictures that no harm could come to them.

And since we are nothing this winter if not charitable, why not have a charitable picture-gallery as well as a charitable ball?

COVERS FOR TWO.

To invite a doughty warrior to eat his enemy is a kind of rough homage to heroism, and in the Cannibal islands undoubtedly a great satisfaction to the hero. In islands, however, which are not cannibal the proceeding is much more innocuous. The hero is invited to eat a turkey, or, upon occasion, a goose; and the satisfaction of all parties is immense.

The ceremony of the public dinner is very droll, but it seems to be universal, and to have been known from the beginning, until at present there is no custom of civilized society more profoundly rooted. A great general, a great author, a great saint, a great merchant, a great politician, are indiscriminately honored with the same ovation. In fact, a man's invitation to a public dinner is a test of his distinction. A soldier wins a battle, a statesman gets into a snarl, a novelist makes the world laugh or cry, a speculator makes a million at a slap, and is sent upon some mission, and presto! the public dinner. Charities can not get on without a good deal of eating. Religious conventions gather around "the festive board," as the more poetic preachers call a dinner-table. Boards of directors must sit down to an annual feast; and the English Ministry can not conclude their parliamentary labors without a dinner of whitebait at Blackwall.

The dinner party upon these occasions may be viewed as a committee upon fame; a deputation to confer the laurel; a representation of mankind to offer the homage which it would be inconvenient for mankind to pay in person. In this light the dinner becomes something more than several courses of mutton and game, and "takes poetic proportions," as the admirable French tongue expresses it.

There has been rather a tendency of late years, and especially in this highly-favored land, to confine the dinner to eminent military persons and politicians. But there is one public benefactor who has rarely been invited to eat in honor of his fame and services—we mean the artist.

Now public services are different and their importance relative. But if there be a positive public benefactor in America, it is the artist. Our wits want no sharpening in any money-making direction. The polished philosophers inform us, indeed, that the development of our civilization must be, first, the building the house, then adorning it. But the house itself must be beautifully built, or the ornament will disfigure it. Men do not hang Giorgiones in log-cabins. The sentiment of beauty must be cultivated from the beginning, so that it may color the entire character and development.

The artist, therefore, can never fulfill a more important office among us than he does now. If the dinner is due to any body, it is due to him; and so thought the sensible people of Hartford who gave a supper—or evening dinner—a few weeks since, to the painter Church, and the sculptor Bartholomew. There can be no doubt that the toasts and the speeches were of the best kind. The American eagle was probably less spread than is the usual custom at dinners; but the interesting fact is, that in the steady land of blue laws, where the Puritanic zeal seems to have been more fervent than in any other spot, the dignity and claims of Art are recognized with the same honors that are accorded to other illustrious callings.

If the man who painted Niagara is not entitled to a dinner among a dinner-giving people, who is?

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR LOUNGER,—Will you please to inquire of somebody whether the harbor is to be kept free from ice, or a passage kept open, this winter? Three years ago I was on the Staten Island ferry-boat *Columbus* when she was cut through by the ice; and all of us, providentially, escaped. It is notorious that in case of any accident to the boats in the bay disastrous results would follow, which were avoided in the catastrophe of the *Columbus* by the fact that she sank so near the shore, and that there was ice for the passengers to step upon. But suppose it had happened a mile below, how many of the passengers would have walked ashore upon the ice? What I want to know, Sir, is this: if any terrible accident should happen, when the dangers are thus perfectly well foreseen, might not the proprietors of the ferry be tried and hung for murder? Yours, CATO.

Our indignant correspondent forgets the facts in the case. A ferry is a property. It is owned by certain persons who work it to the best advantage. The proprietor is not interested in the passengers but in the boats. The boats, therefore, he can insure, thereby securing his own comfort; and the passengers, if they see fit, can insure themselves. The proprietor has nothing to do with accidents further than to avoid going in his own boats. The fallacy of Cato is, firstly, in supposing that a ferry is a public convenience; and, secondly, in thinking that the public safety is any body's business. A steamship company may run a steamer which they know is totally unfit for the public service; it may go down at sea, and three or four hundred people may be drowned—nobody takes wine any the less with the proprietors. But the servant of one of the proprietors may break into his master's home, and steal a spoon, and be hanged for it. Cato should understand that there are delicate distinctions in human society; and he could not learn the lesson more emphatically than by perusing the report of the committee upon the *Central America*; by which it appears that there was shameful and wicked carelessness, but nobody was negligent or to blame.

It seems that the perverse ship went and weakened itself, and put its pumps out of gear, and was generally disordered in its bowels; and instead of hauling itself up on the dry dock and putting itself in proper repair, it feloniously went to sea out of condition; didn't say a word about its pumps and things, and like a mean, malicious steamer, determined to defraud the underwriters, sank slap in a storm, and incidentally drowned some three hundred people. Now when steamers conduct themselves in this summary manner, what are you going to do? What *can* you do but call them rotten old tubs as they are, and exculpate every body concerned, especially those who were not drowned?

THACKERAY UPON WASHINGTON.

IN the second number of *The Virginians*, published in the January number of *Harper*, the scene is laid in ante-revolutionary Virginia, and George Washington is one of the characters. Thackeray's studies for his lectures upon the humorists, the four Georges, and *Henry Esmond*, have acquainted him thoroughly with the characteristic life of the last century. He has a peculiar relish for its pomp and courtly artificiality. It amuses and interests him—for it is remote enough to be quaint, and not far enough to be alien. He describes old Virginian life with great gusto, just as he draws pictures of the old people with infinite spirit.

In the first number, what can be more humorously tender than the scene in the country church of a century ago?—the stately mother, the twin boys, with their quaintly grave costume, affectionately leaning together; the bewigged parson pounding out somnolent truth upon a fat cushion; and the gawky negroes hanging their huge hands over the gallery? The drowsiness of old-fashioned rural preaching broods over the scene like a haze; and the text has the same detailed and absolute fidelity. The author is so entirely acclimated to the time, that *Henry Esmond* is as good a study in a previous literature as Michael Angelo's faun in an earlier art. In the present number he speaks of Washington as being the first stalwart mover in a revolution which was to extend from this continent to the other, and, after lasting for long years, was to leave him the greatest man it had developed.

Of course, as Thackeray is engaged upon a novel, part of the scene of which is laid in America, there will not be wanting disinterested critics, whose personal prejudices never obtrude upon their literary judgments, who will declare that the author wishes to flatter the American public, and that *The Virginians* is only a sop to the Yankee Cerberus. It is to be hoped that he will not suspend work upon suspicion of any such objection. When Dickens wrote down his views of our glorious country, the chorus of the free and enlightened sons of the star-spangled eagle roared out that he was an ungrateful cockney. Now that Thackeray is about developing views which may chance to be more kindly—although, as we believe, not more honestly entertained—it will be highly judicious and patriotic to denounce him as a time-serving twaddler. It is this promptness of public spirit which makes the star-spangled decisions upon literature and kindred subjects so very valuable.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

AN HOUR WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

As I was meandering down Broadway the other day, thinking of nothing in particular and Ethelinda in general, my attention was excited by a most remarkable work of art, in the shape of a photograph. It was placed in a very narrow door-way, where ladies and gentlemen from the interior jostled against each other in the endeavor to get a good view of it, and I more than half suspect that it was intended as a decoy, wherewith might be seduced the aforesaid pastoral individuals. The photograph was of a young man quite well known about town. He had the appearance of an actor and a man-milliner equally mixed. His hair was very black, and curled a great deal; one little ringlet was allowed to droop in a studied, yet apparently careless, manner off the left temple. Raven, likewise, were his mustaches, and jetty his side whiskers. The flash of genius would have beamed from his eyes, I have no doubt, but unfortunately the photograph is better at taking waistcoats and trowsers than eyes. Ethelinda's, for example, look like the optics of a boiled codfish. But look at his boots, and regard his *tout ensemble!* He reclines upon a mossy bank, the babbling brook laughs at his feet, and the pure autumn sky almost touches his head. The artist intends to convey the idea that the young man has been shooting something or somebody, or that he is meditating some act of that kind. It is a little curious that he should go out to shoot over a Newfoundland dog, and there is a strong probability that the dog would run away the first time a shot was fired; but by a happy idea of the artist I am relieved from any fears on that head. The gun is laid flat upon the ground, so that the powder would have become so far moistened that no percussion-cap in the world could discharge it. The young man sits in a pensive attitude, looking at his boots, which have not been in the least soiled by his walk. He has clean yet low breeches, and in the pocket his hand is thrust, probably to typify the crisis. His shooting-coat is a miracle of art, and might possibly sustain the wear and tear of half an hour's real work. The accoutrements—powder-flask, belt, etc.—we now find painfully shiny. The picture served the purpose of the artist and the subject. To the artist it brought numerous great-booted, snub-nosed, red-haired, hard-fisted, large-mouthed young men from the rural districts, who desired to be taken exactly like that "feller down to the door;" while all the young ladies stopped to say, "How sweet!" "What a love!" "Don't you think he's handsome?" "I do, I'm sure; and so does ma." "What do you suppose pa says? Says he looks like a fool!" and so on, *ad infinitum.*

Now, as a general thing, I like photographs very much, and therefore I followed in the wake of the pastoral young men. I asked the young woman in attendance if she could make a picture of me like unto that of he with the boots? and she thought she would try; but as she could not insure it, and as I had put my mustaches upon the peace establishment, the negotiation was suspended for the time. So I looked about among the men of war and of peace—the divines, the generals, the foreign ministers, and poets, and editors, and pretty women, and lump-faced children, whose portraits adorned the walls. I noticed that all the statesmen and philosophers had their hands in the breast-pockets of their coats, and that all the women with bad figures insisted upon being taken at half-length. The men all seemed to labor under the impression that they were going to be married, or buried, or bored, or executed, or some other dreadful thing, and they had conjured up an amount of Stoic bravery laughable to see. Some who had gone through the operation several times managed to get up a sickly smile. There was young Foozle, who has nothing to do but dress himself, and takes all day to it. The girls have made Foozle believe that he's a pretty fellow, ay marry, and a fashionable one withal. So Foozle has trotted about to nearly all the photographic galleries in town, and got himself taken in all sorts of shapes. See him there with his light head surmounted by rows of auburn ringlets—see his round, smooth, expressionless face, lighted up with the smirk of self-conceit; see his pretty scarf fastened with a sweet horse-shoe pin; observe his delicate watch-chain, his little ornamented waistcoat-buttons, and his diminutive golden-headed stick. How he ever managed to get into those boots no one can tell, and how he ever manages to get out of them is a still greater mystery. It is almost like painting the lily to say that Foozle is a duck, and that he makes a sweet picture.

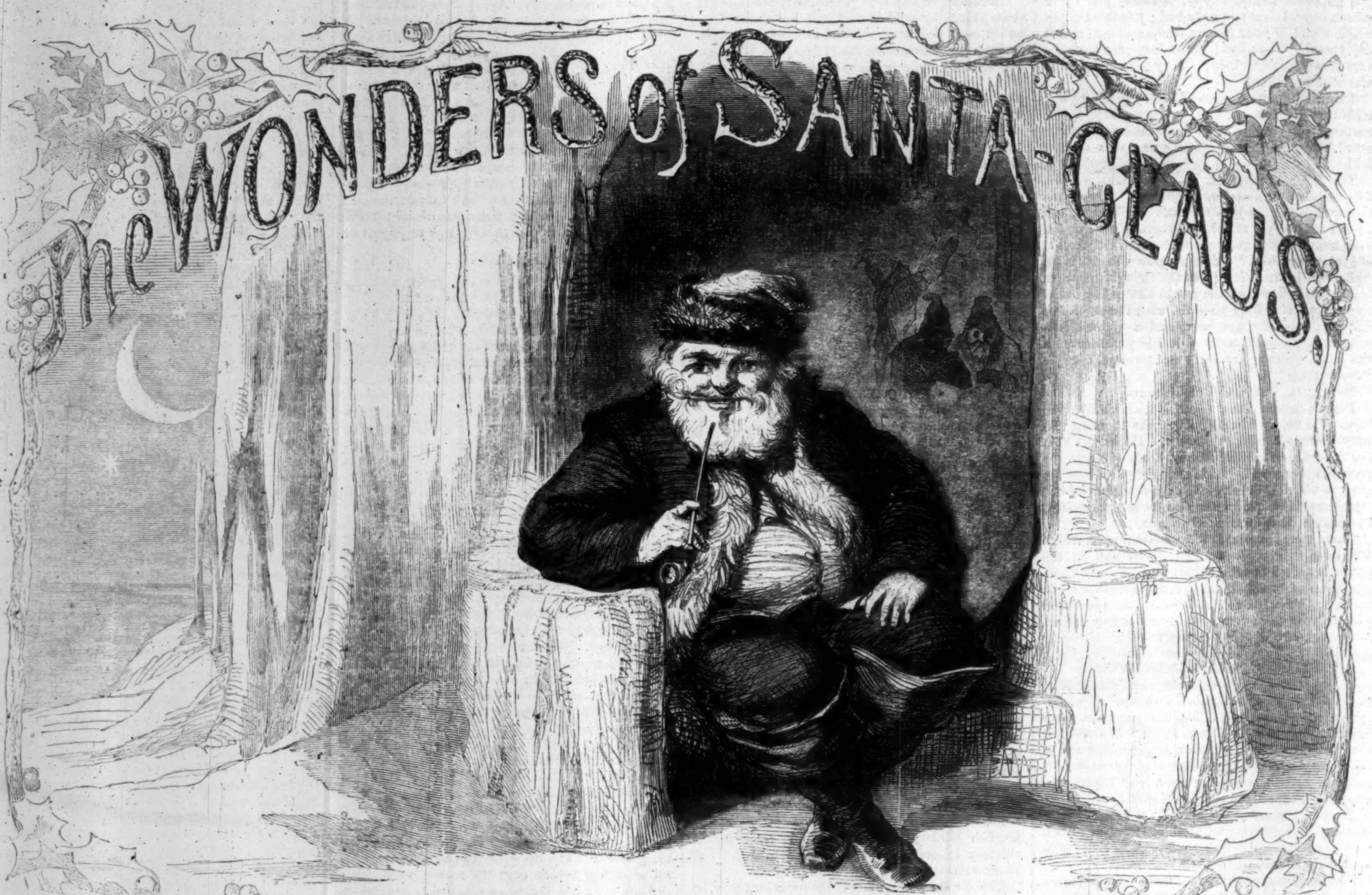
Quite in contrast with Foozle is the portrait of a foreign minister—Austrian or Russian—I forget which. Here you may see the real man of the world, trained in courts and camps, accomplished in small talk, as well as thoroughly versed in blue books—able to flirt with Mrs. Senator Blank, and discuss a commercial treaty with the Secretary of State, at one and the same time—perfectly *au fait* to the mysteries of polkas and *pâtes*—admirably, and yet not ostentatiously dressed. Gracious! young Foozle would give all his rings, and pins, and buttons, and canes if he could get on like the baron. But these foreigners have such a way, you know. Why, a fellow can't do any thing like them, you know. When a fellow is trying to think what he'll say to a girl, you know, why along comes one of these *attachés*, and just takes and monopolizes her, you know, for all the evening. And then, you know, they have such a way of being so deuced familiar without doing any thing rude, you know, and the women they like it, you know, and it makes a fellow feel like a fool, you know—which it does. Foozle always gets disgusted, goes off, drinks brandy, and plays pharo. The next day he has repentance and headache in plenty, but no money; which is, to say the least, inconvenient to Foozle, who always wants a great deal.

Falling into these reminiscences of Foozle, I became lost to the great galaxy of pretty faces all about me, and awoke to a consciousness of the outer world by coming in violent collision with a vast expanse of crinoline. There was a little oval face, some curls, and a bonnet like a tiny ocean shell, rising from the centre, like the single oyster in a bowl of Brown's soup. Perhaps you never heard of this famous soup. It was, like Soyer's, soup for the masses, and was much affected for its cheapness and filling qualities by Bohemians of limited pecuniary resources. Jones, the eminent sensation writer, was one of Brown's best customers, and one day he astounded the guests at the Café Brown by crying out, "I say, Colonel, *there's an oyster in this soup!*" The announcement created as much excitement as when a student, who had suddenly discovered half a franc in his pocket, called out at the Café in Paris, where you dine for ten cents—and where all the Bohemians go when they have no money—"*Garçon, donnez moi un demi-bouteille Bordeaux s. v. p.*" It is due to Brown to say that he repelled the insinuation, so dangerous to the credit of his house, with promptness and dignity. "*Don't lie to me, Sir,*" said he; "*I never put an oyster in my soup in all my life.*"

I made due obeisance and apology to the crinoline, and so ended my hour with the photographs.

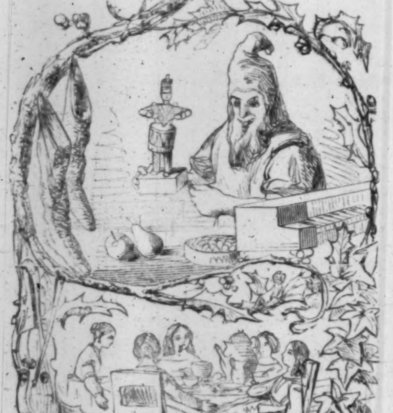
A good suggestion, like a good joke, is never the worse for repetition. I saw, some time ago, a piece of good advice to our photographic artists. The writer acknowledged their superiority over the French in taking portraits, but directed their attention to the splendid views of public buildings, monuments, and so forth, taken in Paris. Those of the additions to the Louvre are splendid, and would attract more attention than portraits of any individuals, however distinguished or notorious they might be. The Broadway photographist who shall first present us with some fine views of well-known localities will find his account in it. Mr. Brady could do it very well. BOHEMIEN.

The WONDERS of SANTA-CLAUS.



CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING SANTA-CLAUS,—HIS ASTONISHING CASTLE,—HIS BEAUTIFUL GIFTS FOR ALL GOOD CHILDREN,—AND HIS REAL NAME.



BEYOND the ocean many a mile,
  And many a year ago,
There lived a wonderful queer old man
  In a wonderful house of snow;
And every little boy and girl,
  As Christmas Eves arrive,
No doubt will be very glad to hear,
  The old man is still alive.

In his house upon the top of a hill,
  And almost out of sight,
He keeps a great many elves at work,
  All working with all their might,
To make a million of pretty things,
  Cakes, sugar-plums, and toys,
To fill the stockings, hung up you know
  By the little girls and boys.

It would be a capital treat be sure,
  A glimpse of his wondrous shop;
But the queer old man when a stranger comes,
  Orders every elf to stop;
And the house, and work, and workmen all
  Instantly take a twist,
And just you may think you are there,
  They are off in a frosty mist.

But upon a time a cunning boy
  Saw this sign upon the gate,
Nobody can ever enter here
  Who lies a-bed too late:
Let all who expect a good stocking full,
  Not spend too much time in play;
Keep book and work all the while in mind,
  And be up by the peep of day.

A holiday morning would scarce suffice
  To tell what was making there;
Wagons and dolls, whistles and birds,
  And elephants most rare:
Wild monkeys drest like little men,
  And dogs that could almost bark,
Watches, that, if they only had wheels,
  Might beat the old clock in the Park.

Whole armies of little soldier folk,
  All marching in grand review,
And turning up their eyes at the girls,
  As the City soldiers do.
Engines, fast hurrying to a fire,
  And many a little fool
A-trudging after them through the streets,
  Instead of going to school.

Tin fiddles, and trumpets made of wood,
  That will play as good a tune
As a Scotch bag-piper could perform
  From Christmas-day till June.
Horses, with riders upon their backs,
  Coaches, and carts, and gigs,
Each trying its best to win the race,
  Like the Democrats and Whigs.

Some little fellows turning a crank,
  And others beating a drum:
Little pianos, so exact
  You could almost hear them thrum.
Tea-sets and tables quite complete,
  With ladies sitting around,
Chatting as older ladies do,
  But a little more profound.

Steamboats made to sail in a tub,
  And fishing-smacks ahoy;
And boats and skiffs with oars and sails,
  A fleet for a sailor boy.
Ships of the line, equipt for sea,
  With officers and crew,
Each with a red cap on his head,
  And a jacket painted blue.

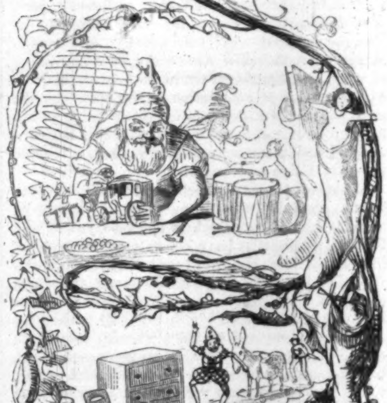
Bold pewter men with pistols armed,
  Like duelists so smart,
Each very wickedly taking aim
  At his little comrade's heart!
And nimble Jacks with supple joints,
  That when you pull a string,
Will give you an easy lesson how
  To dance the Pigeon Wing.

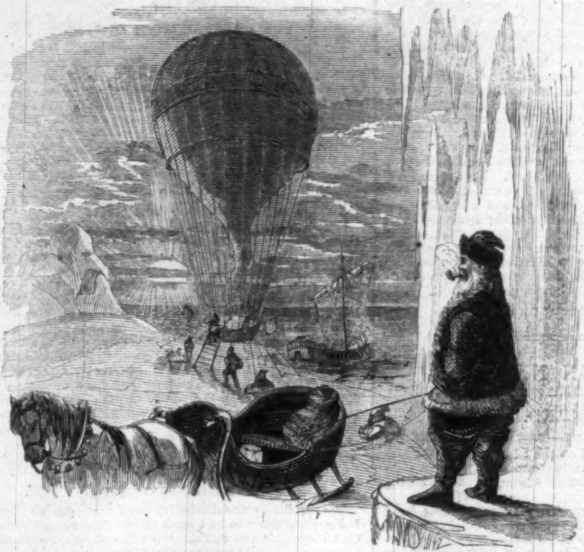
Ugly old women in a box,
  As some younger ones ought to be,
Which, when the cover is lifted off,
  Fly out most spitefully.
Ripe wooden pears like real fruit,
  Somehow made to unscrew;
Kittens with mice sewed to their mouths,
  And tabby cats crying mew.

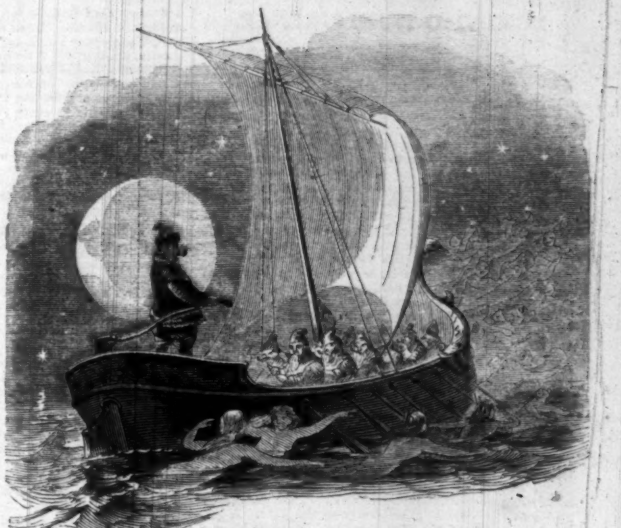
Gay humming-tops that spin about,
  And make a senseless sound,
Like windy representatives
  In Congress often found.
Fine marbles, and rich China-men,
  That you can play from taw,
As lawyers play rich clients down
  The ring-pits of the law.

Bright caskets filled with jewelry,
  Chains, bracelets, pins, and pearls,
All glittering with tinsel, like
  Some fashionable girls.
Delightful little picture books,
  And tales of Mother Goose,
More witty than most novels are,
  And twenty times their use.

But it were an endless task to tell,
  The length that the list extends,
Of the curious gifts the queer old man
  Prepares for his Christmas friends.
Belike you are guessing who he is,
  And the country whence he came,
Why, he was born in Germany,
  And St. Nicholas is his name.


NO BODY CAN EVER ENTER HERE WHO LIES LATE IN BED





CHAPTER II.

HOW ST. NICHOLAS GOT ALL HIS PACKAGES READY, IN ORDER TO START AT SUNDOWN UPON HIS LONG JOURNEY. HOW HE WENT TO AMSTERDAM, PARIS, DUBLIN, LONDON, AND ST. PETERSBURG.

DECEMBER'S four and twentieth day
Through its course was almost run,
St. Nicholas stood at his castle door
Awaiting the setting sun.
His goods were packed in a great balloon,
Near by were his horse and sleigh;
He had his skates upon his feet
And a ship getting under weigh.

For he was to travel by sea and land,
And sometimes through the air,
And then to skim on the rivers smooth,
When the ice his weight would bear.
The wind blew keen, and the snow fell fast,
But not a whit cared he;
For he knew a myriad little hearts,
Were longing that night to see.

Away he flew to Amsterdam,
As soon as the sun went down,
And left whole bushels of play-things there,
For every child in town.
Then he tried his skates on the Zuyder Zee,
Southwest to Dover's Strait,
Then Southward with his horse and sleigh,
He was soon at Paris' gate.

He scaled the walls of the Tuileries,
The children were all retired,
And every stocking was hanging up,
As St. Nicholas desired.
In one he put a sceptre and crown,
In another a guillotine,
And a little man without a head,
Who King of the French had been.

He paused a while at Notre Dame,
To see the Christmas shows;
Then with his grand Montgolfier
Majestically rose,
And from his splendid parachute,
A shower of bonbons threw,
For all the little ones in France,
And bade them all adieu.

Then down he drove on the River Seine,
And on the Biscay bay,
Took ship for famous Dublin town,
And London on his way.
In Dublin what do you think he left,
For the hearty Irish boys?
Why, bags of potatoes instead of cakes,
And shillalaghs instead of toys.

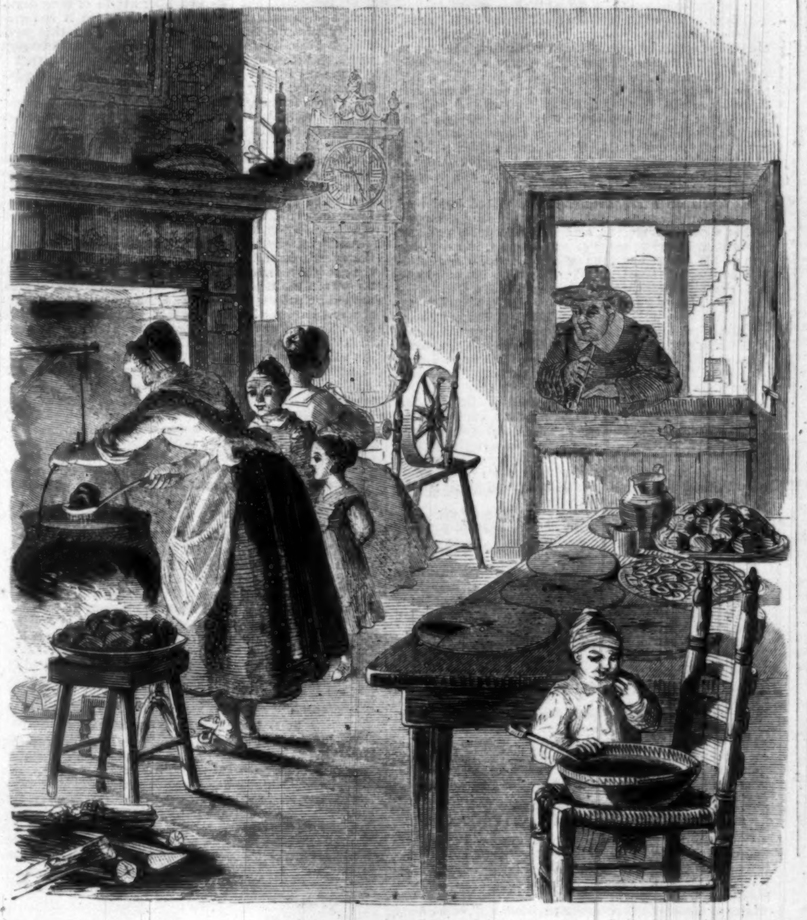
In London he gave them rounds of beef,
And two plum-puddings a-piece,
Then stepped to Windsor palace of course,
To see his royal niece.
He gave her a little Parliament,
Discussing a knotty bill,
And two or three nuts for them to crack,
And a birch to keep them still.

And now, said he, for St. Petersburg!
Over the cold North Sea,
And up the Baltic he sped in haste,
And was there when the clock struck three.
He hied to the palace of the Czar,
And clambered in at the dome;
A great many stockings were hung around,
But the folks were not at home.

He gave them little Siberian mines,
With little men in chains,
Who strove to avenge their country's wrongs,
And were sent there for their pains.
He left the Emperor a map,
With Russia cut in four,
As much as to say, great Muscovite,
Your sway may soon be o'er.

Then down he hastened for Italy,
To call at the Vatican,
Forgetting, until he had arrived,
The Pope is a bachelor man.
But he looked in at St. Peter's church,
And saw the whole town at prayer,
So he left a basket full at the door,
For all the good children there.

Upon the Mediterranean Sea,
He boarded his ship again,
And hoisted sail, and steered west,
To see the Queen of Spain,
And give her a légion of wooden men,
Equipt from foot to nose,
And a troop of leaden horsemen too,
The rebels to oppose.



Now all good little boys and girls
Shall have a noble treat,
Delightful presents, that will make
The holidays complete.

Upon the spire of old St. Paul's
Policemen saw him stand,
Reading his list of ancient friends,
With his leather bags in hand.
'Tis said he dropt a frozen tear,
As he looked on the streets below,
And saw what a mighty change has come
Since Christmas times ago!

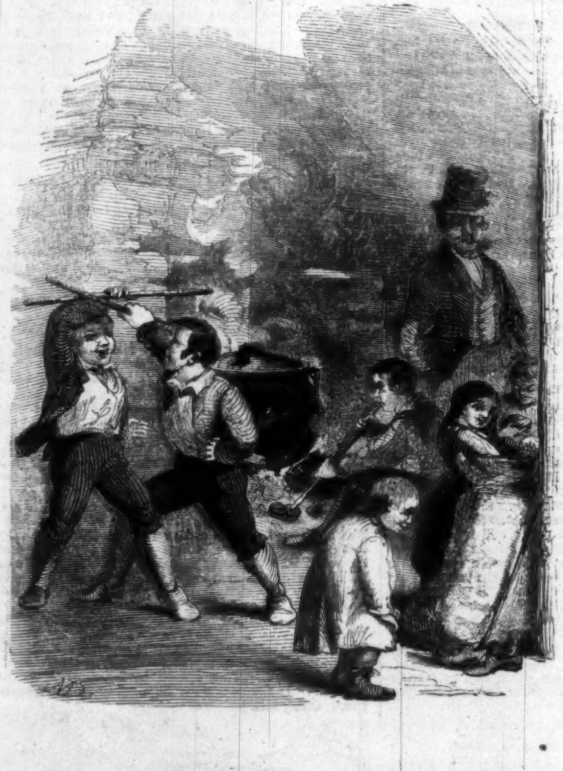
Those brave old times when great mince pies
Were piled on every shelf,
And every Knickerbocker boy
Might go and help himself.
When Broadway was a path for cows,
And all the streets were lanes,
And the houses were so snug and quaint,
With their bull's-eye window-panes;

And low old-fashioned door-ways, where,
The upper part swung in,
The Dutchman could his elbows lean,
And smoke his pipe and grin.
Then doughnuts were all good to eat,
And made as big as bricks,
And 'twas not thought unmannerly
To eat as many as six.

Good simple times, when lad and lass,
In happy groups were seen,
With sled and skate for winter sports,
Around the Bowling Green.
When maidens plied the spinning-wheel,
And idlers were unknown,
And all the up-town people lived
Below the one-mile stone.

When all were good and went to church,
And heeded what they heard,
And children never learned to speak
A bad or saucy word.
With plenty smiling every where,
Like Christmas every day,
Content and love at every hearth,
O what rare times were they!

But long before all this was said,
The stockings were all filled,
And Santa-claus was skating home,
With his nose a little chilled.
He whistled as he skimmed along,
Till the day began to dawn,
Then giving a twirl in the frosty air,
St. Nicholas was gone!



CHAPTER III.

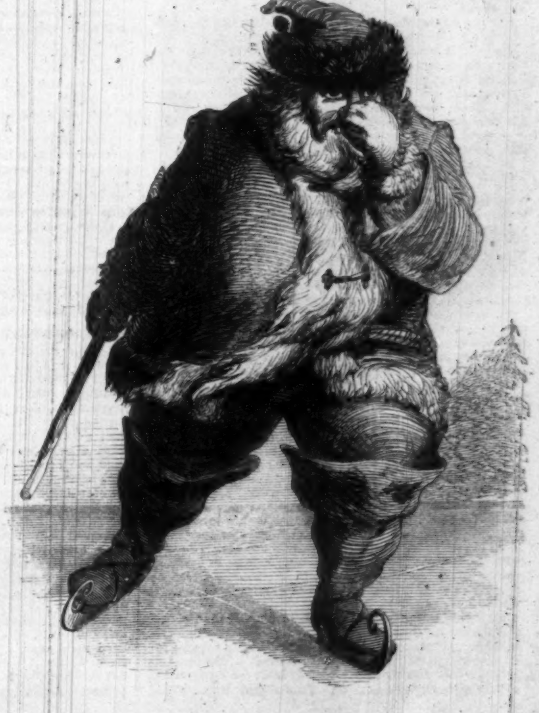
ST. NICHOLAS HURRIES AWAY FROM SPAIN, AND SETS SAIL FOR AMERICA.

O'ER the Cantabrian mountains wild,
He hurried to the strand,
To meet his treasure-laden ship,
There waiting his command.
He scattered beautiful gifts around,
As he went flying past,
Then put his trumpet to his lips,
And blew a rousing blast.

Up, up my gallant sailors all,
Swiftly your anchor weigh,
The wind is fair, and we must sail.
For far America.
By wind and steam for New Amsterdam,
Three thousand miles an hour,
Onward he drove his elfin ship,
With a thousand-fairy power.

Down at the Battery he moored,
And gave a grand salute,
With cannon charged with sugar-plums,
And powder made to suit.
Then he hoisted out a score of bales,
Of his cakes, and nuts, and wares;
You would have been amazed to see
The heaps on the ferry stairs.

All's well, all's well! loud voices cried;
St. Nicholas is here!
How charming many a stocking full
In the morning will appear.



DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

MONDAY was consumed in both Houses of Congress by the delivery of eulogies on the late Senator Butler; Senators Evans, Mason, Pugh, Clay, and Cameron, being the speakers in the Senate, and Messrs. Boyle, Stephens, Harris of Illinois, and Goode in the House. In the Senate, Mr. Wilson requested the Speaker to excuse Senator Sumner from serving on any committee.——In the House, the standing committees were appointed. The report recommending the House to remove to the new hall on Wednesday was adopted. A bill was introduced by Mr. Lane, of Oregon, for the payment of the expenses incurred by Oregon and Washington Territories in the Indian wars; and one by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, granting land in aid of agricultural and mechanical arts.

Tuesday in like manner was devoted to eulogies on the late Senator Bell; Senators Hale, Fessenden, and Seward being the speakers in the Senate, and Tappan, Colfax, and Washburn in the House.

On Wednesday the standing committees were announced in the Senate. Protests against their unfair composition were entered by Senators Hamlin, Doolittle, Chandler, and Wilson, while the committees, as framed, were defended by Senators Bayard and Gwin. Senator Gwin moved for returns of all correspondence between the President and the Governor of Kansas. A debate then followed on Kansas affairs, Senator Green speaking for the Administration, and Senator Douglas replying.——In the House, which convened in the new hall, a communication was received from thirty Protestant clergymen offering their services gratuitously as chaplain. A bill was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, for the payment of certain pensions. Petitions against certain members from Maryland were referred to the Election Committee. It was resolved to print 20,000 extra copies of the President's Message, and documents. A debate then followed on the Kansas question, in which Mr. Cox, of Ohio, attacked, and Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, defended, the ground taken by the Administration.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Senator Gwin presented a memorial from California praying for the organization of Arizona. On motion of Senator Slidell, a committee was appointed to investigate the banks of District of Columbia. Mr. Seward moved for papers on the subject of British and French applications for indemnity for losses at Greytown. The following bills were introduced: by Senator Pugh, a bill to improve the navigation at the falls of the Ohio River; by Senator Clay, to repeal laws allowing fishing bounties; by Senator Foot, a homestead bill granting 160 acres to actual settlers. Senator Hunter reported a Treasury Note Bill from the Committee on Finance. Senator Wilson gave notice of a bill granting 1,000,000 acres of land for educational purposes in the District of Columbia. Senator Wilson presented resolutions from Massachusetts requesting to be indemnified for money advanced the United States during the war of 1812. Mr. Harris, of the *Union*, was elected printer to the Senate. The vote stood, Harris 28, Weston (Rep.), 18; scattering 3.——The time of the House was engrossed by eulogies on the late Mr. Montgomery of Pennsylvania.

On Friday, in the Senate, Senator Douglas introduced a bill to authorize the people of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to their admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States. Resolutions, calling upon the President for further information in regard to Kansas affairs, were agreed to. The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Treasury Note Bill, and adjourned without arriving at any definite conclusion on the subject.——In the House, Mr. Clingman offered a resolution directing the Committee on Accounts to examine the stationery provided for members and report its real value. After some debate the accounts of the late Clerk were referred to a select committee of five. Mr. J. Glancy Jones reported a bill authorizing the issue of Treasury notes; a bill making appropriations for the expenses of the Indian Department; and the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union on the Treasury Bill, which is similar to that introduced in the Senate. After debate, the question was postponed to Monday. Mr. Banks introduced a bill authorizing the people of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to its admission into the Union.

On Saturday, in the Senate, Senator Crittenden submitted resolutions in favor of a higher tariff, and a system of home valuation of imported goods. The Treasury Note Bill was then debated by Senators Wilson, Hunter, Davis, Seward, Benjamin, Pugh, etc., and finally passed, with slight modifications, by a vote of 31 to 18.——In the House, after several motions of no importance, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Treasury Note Bill. Messrs. Glancy Jones, Ritchie, Banks of Massachusetts, Neilson, Bishop, and Davis took part in the debate. The Committee rose before a vote could be had.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.—MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Kansas Legislature, under the call of Secretary Stanton, was organized on the 8th instant, by the election of C. W. Babcock President of the Council, and G. W. Deitzler Speaker of the House. Secretary Stanton, in his Message, says that "in consequence of recent events having produced a profound agitation of the public mind, and a sense of wrongs and injustice, whether well or ill-founded, and an apprehension of greater evil arising therefrom having aroused the people of the Territory to their consideration, and to dangerous excitement, I find myself compelled, by a sense of duty, to call you together, that you may adopt prompt legislative measures to arrest the calamities which threaten the public peace." At latest dates the Legislature had done nothing toward carrying out the recommendations in Secretary Stanton's Message.

Kansas letters state that intense excitement prevails among all classes of people in the Territory, and the probabilities are that the party opposed to the Lecompton Convention will not permit the election on the 21st. General Lane, and 300 or 400 men, were encamped near Lecompton; and threats had been made of driving General Calhoun and the members of the Convention out of the Territory, but no outbreak had yet been attempted.

General Denver, appointed to fill Mr. Stanton's place, had not arrived in the Territory.

RESIGNATION OF GOVERNOR WALKER.

Governor Walker has sent in his resignation as Governor of Kansas. He accompanied it with a long letter to the President. The following sentences contain the point of it:

"I resign the office of Governor of the Territory of Kansas. I have been most reluctantly forced to this conclusion, after anxious and careful consideration of my duty to my country, to the people of Kansas, to the President of the United States, and to myself.

"The grounds assumed by the President in his late Message to Congress, and in recent instructions in connection with the events now transpiring here and in Kansas, admonish me that, as Governor of that Territory, it will no longer be in my power to preserve the peace or promote the public welfare."

GENERAL SCOTT'S REPORT.

The annual report of Lieutenant-General Scott has been made public. It contains the following passage:

"Our regiments, horse and foot, including artillery (serving mostly as infantry), are, as I have remarked in former reports, any thing but a peace establishment. For years they have been almost constantly in pursuit of hostile Indians, through swamps and mountains, in heats and snows, and with no inconsiderable loss of life from frequent combats, and a still greater mortality from excessive labor, deprivation, and disease. In other wars those hardships are occasionally broken by rest and comfort, now long unknown to nine-tenths of our troops; and hence another great evil—the numerous desertions which daily thin their ranks.

"To mitigate those evils, and to enable us to give a reasonable security to our people on Indian frontiers, measuring thousands of miles, I respectfully suggest an augmentation of at least one regiment of horse (dragoons, cavalry or riflemen), and at least three regiments of foot (infantry or riflemen). This augmentation would not more than furnish the reinforcements now greatly needed in Florida, Texas, New Mexico, California, Oregon, Washington Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota, leaving not a company for Utah. If the reinforcements should be authorized as early as January, it would be easy, in the present unfortunate want of profitable employment for the thousands of able-bodied men to be found idle in every populous district of the country, to make the number of recruits needed, and in time for them to reach the theatres of military operations in the summer and autumn of 1858. Of the relief which the measure would afford to our general population I may not speak in a military paper, but to the army, and exposed frontiers under its protection, it would be immense."

PERSONAL.

Colonel Frémont visited Harvard College last week. A correspondent observes: "An untoward incident happened in the Law School building, which gained him no credit but much sympathy. He entered the Library, and was followed by all the law students *en masse*, when a terrible stare commenced. Jessie was no less an object of attention than her husband, and the 'Young Colonel' received his share of admiration. Chief Justice Parker escorted Mr. Frémont to the desk amidst loud cheers from the students. We have among us many bitter opponents of Mr. Frémont, but all were willing to pay tribute to the services and greatness of the man. After a brief introduction he spoke—well I won't tell what he intended to say, or what he did say—suffice it that he attempted to make a speech, and failed. The students nevertheless cheered him, when Professor Parsons rose and said: 'I have been honored by a request from Mr. Frémont to make his apology, which is highly complimentary to you and to us all. He says that the classic and scholarly scene by which he is surrounded for a moment took from him the power to say a word. But, gentlemen, let us assure him that we can pardon a momentary hesitation in speaking in one who never hesitated when he had any thing to do.'"

A correspondent of a Boston journal thus describes some notabilities of New York society: "Commodore Perry entertained his friends last week, on the occasion of the return of Mr. Belmont, his son-in-law. Great pleasure is anticipated from the exhibition of the latter gentleman's pictures, comprising some admirable specimens of the French and Flemish schools. It is observed, that while comparatively few private assemblies occur this season, the most desirable public resorts—such as the Astor Library, the Art Exhibitions, and the Century Club, are more frequented than usual. The elegant drawing-room of the latter was thronged, at the last monthly meeting, by the *élite* of the artistic and literary Gothamites, and several distinguished strangers were present. Bancroft has a sprained ankle; Chester Harding has been to see Willis; Hicks is preparing a eulogy on Crawford; Dr. Mackay has read a narrative poem in public, called 'The Picture on the Wall;' John Pierpont is married; there is a little Howadji; Henry Sanford has gone to Nicaragua; the *Europa* had a very long passage; Bennet is calling editors names; Greeley has come out on English poetry; he don't like Shakspeare's politics; thinks nothing of Goldsmith and Coleridge; regards Spenser as dull, Homer as a bore, and Robert Browning as a delightful and original bard."

A letter from Rome says: "The lamented demise of the great American sculptor, Crawford, having left many of his works incomplete, especially the great national monument to the memory of Washington, the carrying out of his designs will be suspended until some understanding can be come to between Mrs. Crawford and the American Government. Meanwhile, Mr. Crawford's friend and brother artist, Mr. Perry, has undertaken the superintendence of his studio, and the late sculptor's head workman, a German of the greatest talent, will finish such statues as are in course of execution for private commission. It is to be regretted that Mr. Crawford was prevented by his painful and mortal malady from completing the design for his Washington monument, although the chief part will be his conception. Of the seven colossal statues intended to surround the monument he had only completed two—those of Jefferson and Henry."

Several of the leading Republican Members of Congress have had a long and confidential interview with Senator Douglas at his house. The conference is understood to have related to the affairs of Kansas, and to have been highly satisfactory to all concerned.

It is said that William H. Aspinwall, Esq., of this city, sent home a painting the other day—a genuine Murillo, which was appraised in the Custom-house at thirty thousand dollars.

At a meeting of the Century Club, held recently, Mr. Thomas Hicks, the artist, was designated to deliver a eulogy on the late Thomas Crawford, the sculptor. Resolutions of regret were also passed and ordered to be sent to the family of the deceased.

A Western exchange paper contains the following notice: "Married, in Seymour, on Sunday the 4th instant, by Esquire Carter, Mr. George Wolfrom (better known as old Wolfrom the tanner) to Mrs. Frederick Miller, a charming widow of twenty-two. Old Wolfrom is the ugliest and filthiest man in the United States, without any exception; and how, with all his ugliness, he got the widow's consent to have him is a mystery to us. We can assure the bride that she need not be afraid of any woman running away with Wolfrom, for she is the only woman that has been within ten feet of him for twenty years."

SHOCKING MURDER BY A FEMALE SLAVE.

On Sunday last, about 4 P.M., a most shocking murder was committed upon the body of the wife of Basil Hall, residing in Alexandria County, Virginia, about five miles from Washington. According to her deposition her husband was walking over his farm, and the rest of the whites of the family were at church, when a slave woman, named Jenny—the property of Hall—put an armful of dry plank on the fire, which Mrs. Hall ordered her to take off. She did so, but quickly put it on again. Mrs. Hall again ordered her to take it off. The negress then seized her, and forcing her head down between her (the assailant's) legs, backed her into the fire. Three times, according to Mrs. Hall's deposition, she managed to break loose from the fiend, who as often seized her and placed her back on the fire. On the last occasion her screams brought others of the family negroes and her husband to her rescue. Mrs. Hall died at midnight. The murderess, before committing her dreadful crime, took the precaution to send a small negro girl, who was in the room, to the spring for water. The negress, who has of course been committed to jail, denies the crime, alleging that her mistress fell into the fire. It is most fortunate for the ends of justice that Mrs. Hall survived sufficiently long to make an *ante-mortem* deposition. Hall tried to shoot the woman ere she was conveyed to prison, but was prevented from accomplishing his object. He and his family were considered, by respectable persons in the neighborhood, as being hard on servants; and not very long since he had a portion of his farm-buildings burned by some of his own servants.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A most curious story comes to us from Connecticut. It seems that last winter a boy named Charles E. Sage, about 19 years of age, was missing from his home in Cromwell, near Middleton, in Connecticut, and that an Irishman, named Patrick Nugent, was arrested on a charge of murdering the lad, and putting the body under the ice in the Connecticut River. In a few months afterward a body was found in the river without a head. This body was believed to be that of the missing boy, from several marks upon it, as well as from a portion of the clothing. Soon afterward the lining of an overcoat was found, answering to the description of that worn by the missing person. Some months elapsed, when a sailor, named Benson, came to Cromwell, and directly charged Nugent, the Irishman, with the murder. He said he saw the deed done, and assisted Nugent in putting the corpse under a hay-mow! He described accurately the lad's appearance, dress, color of his hair, etc., and declared that he had not had any peace of mind since the murder, and that he had come to Cromwell expressly to divulge all he knew about it. He confronted Nugent, and charged the deed upon him. The accused denied it, but trembled from head to foot. A Grand Jury found a true bill against Nugent, whose time of trial was fixed for the present month. Thus matters rested until recently, when the cousin of the missing boy, living in Ithaca, New York, received an anonymous letter from the interior of Pennsylvania, which he showed to his father, a Mr. Williams. The letter was answered, when another letter was received from Pennsylvania, signed William Russell, which Mr. Williams himself answered. He at the same time addressed the Postmaster, requesting him to watch for the person who called for the letter and describe him. The Postmaster did so, when Mr. Williams immediately left Ithaca for Pennsylvania, found Russell, whom he discovered to be *his nephew, Charles E. Sage, the identical missing boy!* The case is involved in the deepest mystery beyond what has been related. No one can assign any reason for the perjury of the sailor, who swore that he saw the murder committed, and there is no information to lead to the identity of the body that was found, and buried as that of the boy Sage. The annals of crime do not afford a more extraordinary case than this. Benson, the sailor who testified that he saw the murder, has been arrested on a charge of perjury with intent to take life, and has acknowledged his guilt. The crime will send him to the State Prison for life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

PARLIAMENT was opened on the 3d instant by Her Majesty in person. The speech commences with an allusion to the pending financial revulsion, in the following words:

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: Circumstances have recently arisen connected with the commercial interests, which have induced me to call Parliament together before the usual time. The failure of joint-stock banks and of some mercantile firms, have produced such an extent of distrust as led me to authorize Ministers to recommend to the Directors of the Bank of England the adoption of a course of proceeding which appeared necessary for allaying the prevalent alarm. As that course has involved a departure from the existing law, a bill for indemnifying those who advised and those who adopted it will be submitted for your consideration. I have observed with great regret that the state of commercial transactions in general has occasioned a limitation of employment in manufacturing districts, which I fear can not fail to be attended with much local distress. I trust, however, that this evil may not be of long duration, and the abundant harvest with which it has graciously pleased Divine Providence to bless this land will, I hope, in some degree mitigate the sufferings which this state of things must unavoidably produce."

The next subject to which reference is made is the Indian mutiny. Her Majesty says: "While many of my subjects in India have been exposed, and while I grieve for the extensive bereavements and sorrow which it has caused, I have derived the greatest satisfaction from the distinguished successes which have attended the heroic exertions of the comparatively small force which have been opposed to greatly superior numbers, without the aid of the powerful reinforcements dispatched from this country to their assistance. The arrival of those reinforcements will, I trust, speedily complete the suppression of this widely-spread revolt."

After still farther eulogizing the gallantry of the troops, the speech continues: "It is satisfactory to know that the general mass of the population in India have taken no part in the rebellion, while the most considerable of the native princes have acted in the most friendly manner, and have rendered important services. I have given directions that the papers relating to these matters shall be laid before you. The affairs of my East India dominion will receive your serious consideration, and I recommend them to your earnest attention. The nations of Europe are in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, which nothing seems likely to disturb. The stipulations of the treaty which I concluded with the Shah of Persia have been faithfully carried into execution, and the Persian forces have evacuated the Territory of Herat. Your attention will be called to the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, with a view to consider what amendments may be safely and beneficially made therein."

The remainder of the speech is merely of local interest.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

Fresh failures are reported in London. Among those mentioned are the following: Mendes, Dacosta, and Co., in the London and West India trade; Keiser and Co., in the German trade; Hookinson and Burnside; Barber, Roseranger, and Co.; and Hersch, Brother, and Co., all of London; C. C. Pim, a large corn merchant of Belfast; F. and B. Boret, in the China trade; and C. A. Jonas and Co., brought down by recent disasters in the north of Europe. At latest dates the English funds were steady, and the pressure for money at bank had somewhat diminished, but all branches of trade and industry were greatly depressed.

THE LEVIATHAN STEAMSHIP.

We learn by the latest arrivals from England that the launching of this monster steamship has been successfully commenced. On Saturday, November 29th, she was moved a considerable distance down her launching ways, though her progress was very tedious. On Monday, December 1st, the vessel had nearly five feet of water under her, and the engineers, having perfect control over the huge mass, expressed the most confident hopes that by Wednesday, the 3d inst., the great enterprise would be completed. A scaffolding which had been erected for spectators had broken down, and many persons were seriously injured.

FRANCE.

THE NEW IMPERIAL ATTORNEY.

A Paris letter says: "M. Chaix d'Est-Ange's nomination to the appointment of Procureur-General of the Imperial Court of Paris, is one that seems to have given general satisfaction. This famous advocate contrived to keep tolerably clear of politics, and in turn gave his pre-eminent talents to men of all parties. The features of M. Chaix d'Est-Ange are singularly expressive, but, at the same time, such as may be termed remarkably ill-favored. Nose he has literally none; and his long upper lip, which drops down from the nostrils, has the most uncouth appearance imaginable. To make up for this he has a brow of immense expansiveness; and when those deep-set eyes kindle with animation, as gradually he warms with that wonderful eloquence which is peculiar to him, the triumph of mind over mere matter is perfect; those harsh features seem gifted with inspiration; that low, husky voice swells into tones harmonious as those of an organ, and even the impassioned shrieks that burst forth from his throat have nothing in them discordant, so completely and entirely does he carry his audience away with him; and when sometimes exhausted by his physical efforts, his voice sinks into whispers, he utters not a syllable that is not distinctly heard at the remotest corner of the court, so deathlike is the silence he enforces."

THE LATE MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

M. Abbatucci, the recently deceased Minister of Justice in France, was admirably qualified, it would appear, by the experience of his own family history, to appreciate the advantages of a civilized system of jurisprudence. The correspondent of an English journal writes of him: "With one of his countrymen, M. Casa Bianca, the Senator, he was at deadly feud. For upward of two centuries it has been said in Corsica that every ditch in the low woodland is full of bones of the Abbatuccis slaughtered by the Casa Biancas; and that every well hides bodies of Casa Biancas murdered by the Abbatucci clan. And so the feud had gone on, and no civilization of our 19th century could bring these two heads of the two families to endure each other. The other evening M. Casa Bianca was seated at a whist table at the right hand of an acquaintance of mine, who was playing against him. A new-comer announced the official news of Abbatucci's demise. 'He is dead?' asked M. Casa Bianca, earnestly—'you are certain he is dead?' And on confirmation of the news, he rose, laid down his cards, and said, with great fervor and solemnity, '*E finita la vendetta*' (the vengeance is ended)."

SPAIN.

THE QUARREL WITH MEXICO.

The Spanish Court refuses to accede to the demand of Mexico, that its envoy shall be received, as a necessary preliminary to the negotiation. The accounts from Cuba received at Madrid state that the squadron assembled there was ready to sail at a moment's notice, to act against Mexico or elsewhere. Soldiers seasoned to the climate had alone been selected for the service. The artillery had been largely increased, and 1000 marines were on board the squadron.

HAMBURG.

SEVERE MONEY CRISIS.

Latest advices from Hamburg represent the state of financial affairs there as most deplorable. Failures were so numerous that it was impossible to specify all the names. In one day twenty important houses failed, and business was suspended. It was believed that other houses would go. The aggregate liabilities of the fallen and doomed concerns were reported to be twenty-seven millions marks banco. The fifteen millions provided for advances on merchandise proved a mere drop in a bucket, and a rumor was in circulation that advances to the extent of 400,000,000 had been asked for. A general meeting of the burghers of Hamburg had been convoked to devise means to allay the panic. Bills could not be negotiated, and business was at a stand. A law extending a respite of one month to all bills payable at maturity, was to be introduced in the Senate.

INDIA.

HAVELOCK IN DANGER.

We receive by the *Adriatic* a brief memorandum from India, purporting to be a week later. It states, in terms, that Havelock was surrounded at Lucknow, and in imminent peril, and that Sir Colin Campbell was marching to his relief.

THE FATE OF THE ENGLISH LADIES IN DELHI.

An English lady writes: "I write you under feelings so acutely painful as to make it a difficulty accurately to describe the horrid details, for myself and children might have been subjected to dreadful indignities—ten thousand times worse than death. But, alas! for my unfortunate and polluted countrywomen! Twenty-three ladies, by order of the aged monster, within the walls of Delhi, were ordered to be brought before him, and then stripped naked; unheard-of indignities were practiced upon them, which the wretch gloated over; and then with a filthy piece of rag to cover their loins, they were ordered and forced by torture to work as coolies, and fed like horses, no other food being permitted them but 'ghram,' and the most offensive water from the dirtiest of tanks. At length our brave troops appeared before the walls of Delhi, and then the aged demon completed his horrid butchery. Our poor countrywomen were again brought before the wretch, again tortured with the vilest indignities by his lowest of ruffians, and then savagely slaughtered, and their poor bodies and limbs hacked to pieces and flung into the streets. Can human suffering surpass this bloody act? and yet the aged monster lives!"

MORE SEPOY BRUTALITIES.

A letter from Delhi describes one of the outrages which followed the outbreak:

"Here is an instance of Mohammedan cruelty: The Misses ——, two fine young women, were seized by some of the mutineers. They were utterly divested of all clothing, and then made to walk through the streets, mocked and spat on by prostitutes of the coarsest kind. In the public thoroughfare, near the church, in the presence of Europeans (prisoners), they were maltreated by the monsters until they fainted from agony and shame. From this state they were roused by prostitutes beating them with rods until the blood flowed, and they were restored to misery and animation. Their sufferings were dreadful. In their presence two Europeans were flogged to death. These unfortunate girls were then dragged through other parts of the city, and every scoundrel who liked was permitted to outrage their poor bodies. They were finally made over to some prostitutes for fifty rupees, and may still be living. These things make one's blood boil. I have heard other things which I can not put to paper—unheard-of cruelties, devilish atrocities."

HOW RUFFIANISM WAS PUNISHED AT ALLAHABAD.

An officer writes:

"At Allahabad one family (that of a French merchant named Brillard) was destroyed by the mutineers in a terrible manner. They were all tied to trees and burned alive. Old Archer was killed; his wife was kept as a plaything of a score of these wretches (including her own servants) for nearly a week, and then driven into the fort, stark naked and nearly mad. The poor woman was *enceinte*. The Sikhs were beginning to waver, when Colonel Neil, with 40 of his men (the 1st Madras Europeans), arrived most opportunely, and restored confidence. The following day 200 more men of his regiment arrived; with these he sallied out, accompanied by the Sikhs, and he beat the scoundrels well—knocked over scores by showers of grape; while the Fusiliers, with their Minié rifles, picked off others. During the attack the Sikhs fought gallantly, but two of the men were left on the field wounded, and somehow fell into the hands of the townspeople, who cruelly murdered them. This intelligence was conveyed to one of the murdered men's brothers in the regiment, and he communicated it to his comrades, who rose up mad and infuriate, and demanded revenge. Colonel Neil let them loose on the town, and went himself with a party of Europeans to a post. The Sikhs wanted no assistance, their blood was up; they drove the 6th out of the place, and murdered every man, woman, and child whom they met. On the approach of night Colonel Neil drew off his men, and then set fire to the city. Our revenge was complete and terrible. Many were burned to death in the flames, and half the town destroyed. The loss was great. One banker lost three lacs. He was a deceitful scoundrel, and had encouraged the Sepoys to revolt. The Fusiliers nailed him to a large mahogany table. Beautiful pianos were smashed to pieces; musical and other instruments were pitched about as worthless; plate and crockery were added to the general smash. Colonel Neil estimated the loss of private property stored in these godowns at seven lacs. On his arrival at Allahabad, he found the Europeans and Sikhs all drunk."

WHAT THE BRITISH TROOPS SAW AT DELHI.

A letter says: "Fancy, on the smoke clearing away at the assault, the first thing that met the horrified gaze of our brave troops was a European crucified, and a woman (a European) stripped naked, sore from head to foot, chained to a bastion, a raving maniac. Two European women were also found crucified. A round shot ended the miseries of the poor maniac."

NICARAGUA.

WALKER'S MOVEMENTS.

An officer on board the United States ship *Saratoga* writes: "General Walker having expressed a desire to come on board, a boat was sent for him, in charge of an officer. As he was about to leave the ship, he remarked to our captain that he seldom requested favors, but in this case he would request him not to form a prejudiced opinion until he knew him better. He mentioned, also, that he would not have started on this expedition had he not been aware that the Government was not inclined to prevent him. The steamer landed some 46 men last night at Colorado River in five boats, for the purpose, it is supposed, of surprising the steamers at Castillo and bringing them here. The *Fashion's* papers were examined and found correct, having as passengers 196 on her list. On the 27th the Nicaragua flag was displayed on the point, which was the first act in the drama. To do the hero justice, he obeys most willingly all the orders he receives from this ship, and expresses himself ready to abide by any thing we may desire."

Another letter says: "Lieutenant Cilley attempted to land on the point with two men, on a gunning excursion. He was ordered off by Walker. Cilley replied that he was an American citizen, and had as good a right there as Walker. Walker answered, 'I have here 150 men to your two. If you do not leave immediately I will arrest you.' Cilley left."

WHEN THE CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RINGING.

OH, Isidore, come sit by me,
  Lift up your gentle looks,
I read their pity like a page
  From some fond poet's books.
But poet's lay was ne'er so sweet
  As is thy tender voice;
Thank God that, soothed by its low tones,
  I can again rejoice,
    When the Christmas bells are ringing.

I knew a maiden, long ago,
  And her eyes were blue as thine,
As tenderly her love-tuned words
  Made answer unto mine.
Her hair was spun of finest gold,
  Her cheek was like the dawn,
And her step sprang lightly o'er the snow
  As silver-footed fawn,
    When the Christmas bells were ringing.

Ah, bend down nearer, Isidore,
  And lay your hand in mine,
And let the pity of your eyes
  Across my spirit shine.
Had she but kept her early vows
  She would have been my wife—
When hopes, like suns, set, Isidore,
  The night shuts down on life—
    Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing.

Bend nearer to me, Isidore—
  I can not see your eyes,
But I can feel your gentle hand,
  And hear your low replies.
Forgive, sweet love, these foolish tears—
  They are not shed for her,
But only for the wasted years
  I was her worshiper.
    Do you hear the sweet bells ringing?

They rang upon her bridal morn—
  I heard them as I stood
Beside the altar where she knelt
  In snow-white maidenhood;
And when she rose, a wedded wife,
  The blood her cheek forsook;
I saw her tremble, sweet—I know
  She quailed beneath my look,
    While the Christmas bells were ringing.

She is not dead, but dead to me—
  I hear the silver tones
Of laughter breaking from her lips,
  More pitiful than moans.
You'll see her in the street to-day,
  With jewels on her breast;
You'll know her by her cold, pale brow,
  Her dark eyes' wild unrest,
    When the Christmas bells are ringing.

I can see your eyes now, Isidore—
  They're dim with tender mist;
Smiles, sweet, make rainbows of the tears,
  Like waves by sunshine kissed.
Ah, she was fair, and false as fair—
  God took her from my way,
And sent His angel, you, beloved,
  To turn my night to day,
    And our bridal bells are ringing.

THE NIGHT PORTER.

A GAUNT man in a gaberdine sleeps during the winter months on a mattress placed for him in a cupboard near the entrance hall of The Charles in the Oak Inn; which, by right of him, inscribes upon one of its door-posts this charm, indicative of constant business: "A Night Porter—Always in Attendance." When I first read the inscription it appeared to me as odd a confusion between town and country as "Bill Stickers Beware" on a banyan-tree.

John Pearmaine is the night porter's name. By day he is half-witted; perhaps he is, on that account, shrewder than most people at night. His only relation, a brother, is an idiot in the county lunatic asylum; but the half of his wits left to John, enables him to live at large. He digs and goes on errands for a market-gardener close by, receiving food for his labor; and, at rare intervals, a shilling. The poor creature is homeless; and, in summer time, uses his master's greenhouses as sleeping rooms; or, in fine weather, lies among the cucumbers, it being his charge to watch them and the fruit. He is an exceedingly light sleeper, and deserves more pay than he receives for this part of his service. Should these lines by any chance come under his master's eye, let him say, Dowsie (they call John "Dowsie," which means, in these parts, half-witted—daft, as the Scotch say), Dowsie shall certainly be better paid next summer, if he lives to see it.

Some years ago the life of this afflicted outcast must have been very distressful in the winter season. There was no fruit to be watched, and little work provided by the market-garden. The gardener, indeed, was not unkind, and the people of the neighborhood did not shut up their hearts. He never felt the want of food except when times were hard, and then the band of common charity among poor people being closed perforce, Pearmaine took refuge in the workhouse. But when free during cold weather, the unhappy creature wandered always in no little uncertainty as to the whereabout of the good Christian who would next open to him a barn or an outhouse for the night, or generously welcome him to a warm horsecloth and the right of lying down before the ashes of the house-place fire.

The railway station claiming to belong to the next town, lands passengers at the distance of about a mile from it; and on the roadside between town and station, stands The Charles in the Oak. Passengers to and from the trains go by the door of this modest inn, in omnibuses, which unite the railway to the Biffin's Arms Hotel. All the night-work that the railway brought us, in the first year after its establishment—and a pretty piece of work the landlady considered that—was caused by one passenger from the mail-train passing at four in the morning, who, having missed or scorned the omnibus, knocked up the house for a glass of hot gin-and-water; and even this customer appears to have regarded the demand as a mere passing joke. But, in the second year of the railway, night-work was brought by it to The Charles in the Oak, in the shape of a gang—mine host considers that it must have been a gang comprising the select of London burglars—who broke into it; and, without disturbing a mouse, stole from the bar six tea-spoons, a rummer (vulgarly known as a tumbler); a crown punch-bowl, several hare-skins, a dish of mutton-chops, and a pepper-castor. The rest of the glass was fortunately locked up in a chimney cupboard, and the bulk of the plate was under the host's bed; where it is always kept of nights. I take for granted that no London burglars are among the readers of the journal which contains this revelation.

After the burglary, both landlady and chambermaid expressed, after dark in winter time, unusual alarm. A house-dog was, for their satisfaction, turned loose in the passages at night; but he kept the whole establishment awake for a month, chambermaid informs me, by continual howling. Then, every one who tells the history claims for himself or herself the merit—which belongs truly, I think, to the hostler—of having brought into discussion the superiority of such a watch-dog as poor Dowsie John. It would be Christian charity, said that somebody, to give him settled lodging in the winter, and he was so light a sleeper that the footfall of a cat would wake him up as surely as the biggest gun. The only fault to be found with him as a watcher was that, if some tales were true, he had been known once or twice to say that he had heard and seen such things as were not to be heard and seen by any of his neighbors—that he had, in fact, like other dowsie people, his delusions. "We all have our delusions," quoth the landlord, looking toward his wife, and, straightway pluming himself on his own infallible acuteness, he engaged Pearmaine to sleep on his ground-floor during the winter season. Then it was that, by a happy stroke of wit, and as a potent charm to allure the traveler or scare the midnight thief, mine host of The Charles in the Oak Hotel, and—no, not Posting House (the railway had scratched that off the sign)—caused to be written in small black capitals upon its door-post, "A Night Porter—Always in Attendance."

I regarded this unhappy night porter, whenever I passed him in his cupboard, with a certain awe; and, when I had him up into my room—*he* had no awe of any body—and sat looking blue, and cold, and hungry, with his feet upon my fender, and his knees scorched by the fire, a glass of punch in one of his long bony hands, and a great rump-steak in his stomach, he scarcely seemed to be a man of common flesh and blood. A shimmer of something more or less than reason played over his face; and, as I won upon his confidence, he sometimes made my flesh creep with the things he said.

He thinks there is plenty of good life in him for a Night Porter's business, though (turning up his elbows) his bones are so sharp. He sleeps in his clothes, and knows when a step is coming; so that he can spring up at once, and have the door open as soon as the bell is touched; or sooner, for the matter of that. Sometimes people look surprised; and once a man, who had not rung, took to his heels and ran. It was supposed that that man was a London burglar. Knowing that they can get in easily in winter nights, and have a light struck, or a kettle made to boil, at any hour, by the quick hands of Dowsie John, belated neighbors often come at strange hours to The Charles in the Oak; and so the good fellow conducted a little branch of business that earned at least his right to a good supper all the winter through. The house and all within it was, indeed, of nights wholly at his disposal; the entire district being assured of John's trustworthiness. He is a man to lie down and die starved upon the floor of a full larder, if the owner of the larder does not say to him, "Fall to and eat!"

Yes, he had seen some curious things, he says, as a Night Porter. There did come a thief once—only once; he came under pretense of being a traveler, but John soon throttled him. Master came down and dragged him off, but only in time to prevent the vagabond from being throttled before his time. But that was nothing. He would tell me, as a secret, an adventure that he often dreamed over again after it happened, and still dreamed about, and feared he always should dream about to the end of his days.

One December night, several years ago, it was bitterly, bitterly cold. It had been snowing for two days; but it was not snowing then. The earth was white, and the air was black, and it was bitterly, bitterly, bitterly cold. Dowsie John lay in his cupboard, and was kept awake by the stirring of a cruel wind among the snow. By-and-by the wind fell. There was a dead calm, and John slept till a sound of voices at a distance—beyond anybody else's ear-shot; but his ears were so very ready—woke him up again.

"God avenge this!" said a man.

"This way to the Charles in the Oak, I think," said another.

And then one of the two shouted out, "John Pearmaine, put a light in the window! We can't see the house!"

John's light was on the window-sill, and the shutter was thrown back in an instant. They were the voices of two neighbors—stout young farmers, brothers, who lived with their father, and had been, as he knew, to a distant market-town with cattle. They came slowly, with heavy steps. The candle sent a ray of light across the road; and, through the ray, passed at last the arms of one young man; then, suddenly, the gleam flashed over the pale, still face of a woman whom the two were carrying, tenderly, reverently, dead as she was. They brought her in with blessings upon Dowsie John's quick ears.

"Lost in a snow-drift; cold and stiff as ice. There may be life in her yet. Quick is the word, Johnny, quick!"

The night porter dragged his mattress from its cupboard to the feet of the two brothers, and they laid the body down upon it, just within the threshold of the inn. One brother darted out again, to bring the nearest doctor to the rescue; and the other, when he saw that Dowsie John had rushed, as matter of course, to the tap in search of brandy, hastened up stairs to alarm the house. So, when John brought his brandy to the corpse, he and it were alone. In stooping down to it, he moved aside the shawl, the folds of which inclosed long strips of snow; and, under it, saw that there lay fixed in the woman's rigid arms a cold, white baby. The half-witted man knelt down—he never could tell why—and picked away a lump of snow that lay unmelted on its little bosom. "Pretty bird!" he said, and put his gaunt face down, and kissed it on the mouth. Then he turned to the mother with his brandy, and spilt it; because, suddenly, she opened her large eyes, and looked at him.

The eyelids crept down over the eyes again, and covered them. John turned away to fill the empty glass At the same moment landlady and landlord, chambermaid and cook, were hurrying down stairs, the cook with an arm-load of blankets. The body was moved, fires were lighted, bricks were made hot, the set teeth of the dead were parted. To no purpose. The doctor came and declared that life had been for many hours extinct, putting aside John's evidence to the contrary as a delusion of the senses. The woman might have died of hunger and exhaustion before she was buried in the snow. He could not tell. There was a wedding-ring upon her finger, and the child, which, as it seemed to him, had expired several hours later than its mother, was of about seven months old. The rags that covered them had been good clothing once. In the hope that somebody would recognize this woman, she lay with her child during a whole week at the inn; and the Charles in the Oak itself, by the desire of its landlady (who would hear nothing about parishes), gave her decent burial.

A week afterward a young man came to the neighborhood, obtained leave to have the grave opened, and was distracted when he looked inside the coffin. He said she was his dearest sister—his bright Phœbe; that she had gone away with a bad husband, who had ill-used and deserted her; that he had lost trace of them till he heard that she had set out from a distant place to seek him in some town in this direction; and when upon this followed news of the bodies of a woman and an infant having been found here, he came at once. This man, though he looked poor enough (and was, indeed, a yeoman of small means, named Thomas Halston), paid all the expenses incurred by the host of The Charles in the Oak on account of his dead sister, and gave Dowsie John ten shillings—as insane an act in poor John's eyes as the free gift of a million would seem to you or to me, if suddenly made to us by some chance capitalist.

"I shall face the villain yet!" said Halston, as he galloped out of the inn-yard.

"I would not be in his shoes if you do," muttered the hostler.

"I would not be in his shoes if you don't," said Dowsie John. "I wouldn't go out of the world like him, with such a score chalked up behind my door, and never have met with a man willing to rub it off for me before I went."

Two months afterward, at about ten o'clock on one of the last nights of February—it was a dull night, with mizzling rain that had accompanied a rapid thaw, and The Charles in the Oak was gone to bed for very dreariness—John Pearmaine, before retiring to his cupboard, was at work over his last purchase of a halfpenny worth of new ballads by the kitchen fire. Intent upon "The Soldier Tired," he did not notice any sound outside until he heard a shot. It came from the road, but was not very near. He was on his feet instantly, and made all haste to the front door; but after the first bound into the entrance-hall, he stopped. Across the threshold, just as it had been on that night in December, lay—or seemed to lie—his mattress, with dead Phœbe and her infant stretched upon it. The white snow gleamed among the folds of the dress. All was as it had been once before, except that the dead face, rigid and white, with the eyes closed, was turned toward John, and one hand was lifted from the baby, and fixed in a gesture that appeared to bid him stand and listen. He did stand and listen. After the shot he heard words uttered by persons in the distance so rapidly that he could not catch their purport; then a sudden, sharp cry, followed by a voice that moaned, "Heaven, avenge!" The spectre's hand flickered slowly, moved, and pointed to the door. Its opened eyes shone full into the face of Dowsie John.

After some minutes a step was heard in the wet road. It approached the door of The Charles in the Oak, but John, fixed by the woman's gesture, stood immovable, candle in hand, his face aghast. The door had not been bolted for the night. The stranger pulled the latch, and opening it, briskly entered. The spectre vanished; but the last part of it that vanished was the pointing hand. The person who suddenly had come in damp out of the mist stood where its form had lain, and shivered suddenly, as though a cold blast from the ground had whistled through his bones.

"Idiot!" he said, fiercely, "why do you stare?"

It was evident to him, at a glance, that no one else was stirring in The Charles in the Oak; and John was for the time an idiot indeed.

"If you have any sense," said the stranger, "remember what I tell you. A man will be found dead in the road to-morrow. It was I that killed him; but his blood is not upon my head. He waylaid me in my road from the town to the station, shot at me, and was slain by me in self-defense. That is my name," he added, throwing down a card; "I am known to many people in the town. To-morrow I must be in London. If an inquest be held, give evidence before it, as well as your wits will allow, and say that if they will adjourn over another day, I shall appear to answer for myself before the jury. Take this to keep your memory alive."

The stranger, who was a good-looking, brawny man, advanced toward Dowsie John, and tossing a half-sovereign into the dish of the chamber candlestick, turned on his heel, and went into the road again, closing the door tranquilly after him.

The man had brought much dirt into the hall with him; but where he had been standing longest was a stain over which John bent till he assured himself that it was blood. He tried it with a corner of the card; and, sickening at the bright red color, slunk, trembling and cowed, into his lair.

Wonderment followed wonderment next morning at The Charles in the Oak. The night porter had gone to bed, leaving the outer door unbolted; his candlestick was on the floor of the entrance-hall, with the candle burned out in the socket. There was blood on the floor; the name of Mr. Robert Earlby on a visiting-card, marked with a blood-stain in the corner; a piece of money was found afterward embedded in the tallow that had guttered down over the candlestick; and John Pearmaine, who could have explained all this, lay on his mattress with the sound half of his wits astray.

Furthermore, on the same morning, a body, pierced through the breast, was brought to the Charles in the Oak—the nearest inn—and identified by the people there as that of a man, Thomas Halston, who had come into those parts two months before. A discharged gun was found in the lodge near him, and there were obvious signs of a struggle in the muddy road. An inquest was held in the inn parlor, at which every thing was told and shown that could be told and shown. The card was declared by a juryman named Philips to be that of a gentleman of good character and most amiable disposition, living near London on a freehold farm that yielded him a comfortable income. "He had been at his house," said this juryman, "on the preceding night, and had left at about a quarter before ten, in the best of tempers, to walk to the train that passes at ten thirty."

"How long had Mr. Philips known this gentleman?"

"Only six months; but he had, before that time, made the acquaintance of his eldest daughter Mary, when she was in town last spring upon a visit. As her accepted suitor, he had been lately a frequent visitor at his house, and in his character he had reason to place the utmost confidence. He would not fail to write to him at once upon this business."

"Is your friend bachelor or widower?"

"A bachelor."

The jury went to John Pearmaine as he lay tossing in his cupboard; but no kind of information could be had from him. His mind rambled over a great number of wild subjects; but he said not a syllable, insane or sane, of any thing that could be supposed to have happened on the previous night.

While they were thus engaged, news came that Mr. Earlby had descended from the omnibus at the inn door, and was in the parlor waiting for the jury. He was pale and faint, he said, from loss of blood. Pressing business, as well as the desire to submit his wound at once to the attention of his own surgeon, had caused him to persevere in his purpose of returning home on the night in question; but he was so anxious to avoid every appearance of a desire for secrecy or mystery upon the subject of the unfortunate affair, that he had come back, weak as he was, without even a day's delay. He had been the more anxious to do this, because he had doubt whether the message left by him at the Charles in the Oak would be delivered by the person whom he saw there. He explained satisfactorily all that had been seen that morning in the inn: the blood was his own, set flowing by a shot which only grazed the ribs, though it had been aimed at his heart by the man whose body he had on his arrival gone up stairs to see. The person was a perfect stranger. He must have been a man well known to the police; for so desperate an assault as that which had, in the case, led to the death of the assailant, must have been committed by a footpad of no ordinary sort. After firing at him from the hedge, the fellow had leapt down into the road upon him, and would, as the deponent firmly believed, have killed him, had he not been provided with the sword-stick, which he used in self-defense.

Every circumstance helped to support the statement of the witness; who, after the return of a verdict of justifiable homicide, was complimented by the coroner for the high-minded way in which he had come forward, despite all risk to himself, and for the valor which he had shown in the defense of his life against a desperate assassin.

Mr. Earlby went to the house of the Philipses, and was sought after as a lion by the townspeople. He made light of his wound; which was soon healed. The ball, he said, had rebounded from a rib; his surgeon had found nothing to extract. He was confined, indeed, to bed for a few days at Philips's house with sharp pain on the wounded side; but this was for a few days only, and then all went well again.

Halston was duly buried in unconsecrated ground; and, in a place where nobody had known him, there was nobody to take his shame to heart; except, perhaps, our hostler. This worthy, who cut out a large cross on a piece of an old manger, scrawled under it, with irregular incisions, "Thomas Halston, His Mark," and set it up by the neglected grave. His only assigned reason was that he *must* pity a man who had no luck in shooting vermin. To the cook alone the hostler would confide all that he thought about the matter; but she, too, was mysterious, and all that she could say was that she *must* pity poor Miss Philips. Other misgivings were soon set at rest; and, for a time, I fear, the hostess was to be caught now and then regretting the new linen of her own that she had given to "the burglar's sister" for her grave-clothes.

The poor night porter said nothing, and knew little more upon this subject. His illness continued till the spring; and I must say of our hostess, that if she regretted kindness after it was spent, she never grudged it in the hour of need. The Charles in the Oak promoted John to a commodious bedroom on the upper floor, and, by good nursing, helped him to regain his former health with a fair portion of his former wit. Nobody spoke of the affair which had produced the painful effect upon his mind.

Although incessantly, as I believe, tormented by phantom shapes and such delusions as are common to disordered minds, a strange instinct kept all speech about them from our poor night porter's tongue. He lived alone with his ghost-world; and it is only by chance, or upon the strength of a rare confidence, that any one or two of his experiences were revealed. I may here state that there was one especial reason for preserving silence with Daft John upon the present matter. For the market-garden, in which he found summer-employment, lay between the Inn and the town. Fifty paces down the road—measured from the gate of the garden, going town-ward—is the spot where Phœbe and her child were found; and against the very bank near which he had been told that she lay covered by the snow-drift, Thomas Halston, when he had tracked her destroyer, stood to shoot him down.

Happily ignorant of this, Pearmaine worked at his summer duties among nectarines and roses, gaunt as ever. He planted, pruned, and gathered, with the same unearthly shimmer on his face. February long since gone, July was come, and John was capering in his uncouth way down a gravel-walk pursued by little Tabby Foll, his master's youngest girl, and a few other olive-branches. The children were all dancing to the tune of wedding bells that rung through the pure morning air from more than one of the town-steeples.

They were arrayed in muslin, very clean, except Tabby, who had twice been on her knees, embroidering herself with gravel. All in good time came more little girls in white; and one or two girls of a middling size appeared by ones and twos, and threes, to swell the group. Finally, in the very nick, Mr. James Foll, the master-gardener, in a white waistcoat, established himself as a telegraph-station at his gate, and began working in a lively manner.

Obedient to signal, all the fairies disappeared within the great conservatory, each quickly to reappear with a bouquet. Mr. Foll, in his character of Generalissimo, then formed his troop, and animated them with this harangue: "Now, girls, the happy pair are coming. Show yourselves worthy of your fathers and mothers. Honor the brave and fair, your dear companion, Mary Philips—Mrs. Robert Earlby, now—wife to our noble and courageous friend—shall—the wheels, ladies; they are coming. Now's your time; form line across the road, hand in hand, and advance. Pearmaine, take this bouquet—*my* token of affection to the bride—tell her so, when you give it through the carriage-window."

The damsels, bent upon their wedding-freak, formed a white chain, like a living wreath of snow across the road: then marched forward some fifty paces before meeting the carriage that contained the bridegroom and his bride. Of course the postillions stopped, and straightway there appeared at either window a group of smiling eyes and lips speaking confusedly a babel of sweet language, while dimpled hands were raining bouquets down upon the laps of the much-honored pair. The bridegroom leaned forward, laughed, then looked for half a minute stern; and in the mind of Dowsie John, who stood aside under the hedge, with the great nosegay of the morning in his hand, a wild memory was startled into life. Unconsciously, his lips uttered the cry that had been wafted to him on the night of his great terror. He moaned it faintly just as it had floated to him through the February night, but struck its very note upon the bridegroom's ear: "Heaven avenge!" Earlby sank back in the carriage. It was not the voice of a gardener's man in a gaberdine; it was the voice of a dead man, as he believed, or of his blood, crying aloud from the place where he had fallen.

The girls and the bride in their glee had not noticed this. Their happy riot was nearly done, and it was now time for John to do his master's bidding. He stepped, therefore, to the carriage-window, and, leaning with his weird face before Mr. Earlby to present the flowers to the bride, who sat upon the other side, said, true to his text:

"I am bidden to present these to you as a token."

"Beautiful!" cried the bride. "Oh do tell me who sent them?"

"As a token from—" between bride and bridegroom suddenly appeared to his sick fancy a spectral face—"from Phœbe Halston!" he screamed, and recoiled as a man who had been stung. A blow from the bridegroom, who had risen in wild fury, overtook him as he shrunk away; and the poor creature, staggering back, fell under the hedge.

He rose almost directly. Earlby was coughing violently, with a wedding handkerchief before his mouth. It was drenched with blood.

The horses' heads were turned, and the bridegroom was conveyed without loss of time to the sick-chamber. The ball that had not been extracted had indeed glanced against one rib, but it had been only so diverted as to lodge behind another rib. The wound, healed externally, had made only the more certain way within. Sudden emotion, and the strong exertion of the chest necessary to strike Dowsie John, had caused the ball to make a fatal plunge into the lung and to set the red blood flowing.

Hopeless illness, which endured for months, intervened, as you might suppose, between this accident and death. Those months were not ill-spent by Robert Earlby. So fully did he take upon himself the shame due to his crimes, that while unable to restore, even by his fervent prayers and ardent repentance, the brother and sister and the innocent tendril whose lives were either directly or indirectly on his head, he did the best he could, as I learned afterward, to keep Dowsie John out of the poor-house for the remainder of his life.

CHRISTMAS.

In the good old times of England,
The merry times of yore,
Our fathers kept the Christmas feast
A dozen days or more:
A spacious hall of ashler work
Was hung with evergreen,
The mistletoe from the old oak-tree,
And the holly there were seen.

A table in the midst was spread—
A table long and wide—
And ancient knight and ladye fair
Were seated side by side;
The door upon its hinges swung
For tenant and for lord,
And sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks
Were ranged around the board.

The feast was in profusion spread,
Enough for all to eat;
Hot furmenty for breakfast smoked,
Of milk and husked wheat;
Roast beef and goose and pudding
Made up the dinner cheer;
And every body finished off
With flagons of good beer.

And in the tall old chimney-place
(A glowing hearth between)
The young folks, cracking nuts and jokes,
On seats of stone were seen;
And thus, relates the chronicle,
The sons and daughters fair
Made up their matches all at home,
Nor went away to pair.

The trees bent low with glittering snow,
The frost was on the pane,
The winds held carnival abroad
In every forest-lane;
But while stern winter raged without,
'Twas summer in the hall
Where met our glorious ancestors
To keep the festival.

A health, then, to the good old times,
Of tenant, page, and squire,
Of massive hall, and groaning board,
And blazing Christmas fire;
When youthful hearts had naught of care,
And happy age grew green,
And gallant knights and maidens fair
O'er all the land were seen!

C. C. Cox.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

I possessed some valuable diamonds which had been unset, and, as I was on a visit to Paris, I thought I would have them re-set. A friend—an old, dear, and valued friend—accompanied me to a jeweler's to make inquiries as to what would be the cost. The tradesman, after examining them carefully, pronounced them to be of great value, and said the cheapest form of setting would come to about thirty pounds. We did not, at the moment, decide about it, and as, shortly afterward, business compelled me to leave Paris, I deferred the arrangement of my diamonds till my return. Just before I came away, I changed my maid—an English woman—for a French *femme de chambre*, the former having matrimonial designs; and, consequently, not being quite willing to trust the stranger, I undertook to pack my jewels, etc., myself. For this purpose I had my jewel-case and desk brought to the drawing-room, and began arranging my ornaments and papers. While I was thus occupied, two gentlemen called successively; the latter being Dr. S——, the friend who had accompanied me to the jeweler's. During the time I chatted with him, I took out the diamonds, wrapped them in white paper, tied them with narrow ribbon, and sealed the tiny packet with *green* wax. I then placed it in a small box, and put it into my jewel-case. At that very moment my maid asked if she could speak with me, and excusing myself to Dr. S——, I left him; never, of course, dreaming of locking up my half-packed jewels.

I was absent a few moments, and found every thing, apparently, as I had left it. I finished my packing, and the jewels remained in their hiding-places till I had reached, and been some days in London. Then the wish to have the diamonds reset returned, and I went to seek them, in order to take them to Roundell and Bridges. I opened the case, lifted off the lid of the small box, and found the diamonds gone! I searched every other box in the case, hoping I had mistaken their whereabout, but no—the diamonds were lost. I need not say how grieved and puzzled I was, and how inexplicable the loss appeared. No suspicion, however, of the only person present at their packing distressed me; I should as soon have suspected my nearest and dearest relative. Some time elapsed ere I again found myself in Paris; and then, from all sides, I heard the fame of Alexis, the "subject" whose trance-powers approached the miraculous. A strong desire and curiosity awoke in my mind to ask *him* if he could, in his *clairvoyant* state, give me any tidings of my lost jewels.

I must mention here, that shortly after my return to Paris I had received my former waiting-woman back again, and that I now made her accompany me to Alexis's house.

We were received with great civility by the mesmerist, who, having thrown his "subject" into a sleep, desired me to place my hand in his, and ask him any question I chose. I obeyed, saying simply:

"Why do I come to you?"

"Madame a perdue quelque chose."

"What is it?"

"Ah, je vois! A little packet it is of white paper, tied with ribbon, and with a *green seal.*"

I was startled.

"What does it contain?" I asked.

"Il contient des pierres blanches. Eh! *des diamans!*"

"You are right; now tell me—Where have I put it? I have lost it."

"Non; madame ne l'a pas perdu. Elle a été bien volé."

"Volé! mais— Can you see the thief?"

"Oui, madame; il fait comme ça." And he mimicked so exactly the face of my old friend, that my attendant exclaimed immediately,

"Oh, ma'am, it is Dr. S——!"

"What is his name?" I asked, breathlessly.

"His Christian name is the same as my own. I can see no more."

Alexander was my friend's name; the clairvoyant's Alexis. Need I say I left the mesmerist's, after paying my Napoleon, fully assured of the culpability of my former friend. But what could have induced such a man to rob me? Some dire temptation it must have been. I would give him every opportunity of retrieving his error, but at the same time I would recover my lost diamonds. The opportunity for speaking to him occurred very shortly. We met a few days afterward. Assuming a jesting air, I laughed, and said · "By-the by, Dr. S——, when do you intend to let me have my diamonds? You have carried on the jest quite long enough now, and given me a severe fright."

He turned deadly pale; there was no mistaking his change of countenance.

"Your diamonds, Mrs. ——; I don't know what you mean!"

"Why, you know you took them the night I was packing up—for a jest, of course—but it is really time to end it now. I *know* it was you who did it."

"From a mesmerist, I suppose," said he, but without expressing the least indignation at the charge. "Really some day you will go mad about mesmerism!"

I confessed that I had been to Alexis.

"Well," said he, calmly, "I shall go to him also."

A few days afterward he called on me, producing a written paper from Alexis, declaring that he did not mean Dr. S—— by his description. I became indignant:

"You have bribed him to give it you!" I exclaimed. "I also have again visited Alexis, and was reproached by him and the mesmerist for exposing them to a judicial trial for what they had told me. I believe you have the diamonds; I insist on your returning them."

Again he grew deadly pale, and repeated, "I did not take them."

I was very angry. If he had resented such an accusation—if he had been violently angry with me, or very indignant—I should have believed him innocent; but that pale, troubled face, those calm, meek denials! I rang the bell. "Show Dr. S—— out." And turning from him, indignantly, I left the room. Of course, we met no more.

Years rolled on. I thought I had lost both my friend and my diamonds. We were again in London. One morning my husband wanted something I had in my dressing-case. I carried it into his dressing-room, seated myself, and began looking for it. At length I opened the little box, memorable for having held the small white paper parcel. My husband will tell you that the next moment I startled him by a cry.

"What is the matter, Emily?"

"Oh," I gasped, "the diamonds—the diamonds!"

Yes, there they were: they had never left their first hiding-place. It happened thus: The box had a deep lid—the green wax was still wet when I shut it down—it adhered to the lid, and remained there. Every time before, when I had removed the lid, I had put it down as I took it off—the top upward. Now, by a strange chance, I turned the top down, and behold the diamonds were within it! I leave you to imagine how grieved I was at my unjust suspicions of my dear old friend. If I had known where to find him I should at once have written to beg his forgiveness. Happily, I at length heard of him. I was invited to dine with an old East Indian friend, who, on my arrival, said:

"I have an old friend of yours staying with me, Dr. S——."

"I am so glad. Shall I see him?"

"No. I told him you were coming, and he said he would dine at the club, for that you would not sit in the same room with him."

"Did he tell you why he thought so?"

"No; he said you were angry with him."

The meek, generous-hearted man had never even hinted at the cruel injustice I had done him. As soon as I returned home I wrote him the most penitent of notes—and was forgiven. Thus I recovered both my friend and my diamonds; but I have never quite forgiven mesmerism for the pain it caused me; nor can I, to this day, explain by what unaccountable means Alexis was able to tell all about my loss, and yet to be so grievously far off the truth.

I must add that I went to a *juge* about the diamonds, and he would have given me a writ on Dr. S——, but old friendship prevented me from exposing him in any way. How rejoiced I was that I had not done so!

AMERICAN HOMES IN NEW YORK HOTELS.

My name is Brown—William Brown, as I sign myself, Bill Brown, as I am called in the Swamp. I am no connection of Brown Brothers. I was raised in Vermont, and on the death of my father, who was a cattle breeder in that State, I came to this city and began business, with what success the Bank of Commerce, where I keep my account, can tell. A few weeks ago I met Letitia Smith, daughter of old Jacob Smith, also of Vermont. She struck me as a likely girl, and, to cut a long story short, I married her.

We went to live at the St. Thunder Hotel. I wanted to keep house, having an eye to my own comfort; but Letty declared that her health was not equal to the task, and her mother asked me, in a fierce manner, if I wished to be the means of making her childless. So we went to the St. Thunder, and hired a room up two pair of stairs, fronting on an agreeable court-yard. The room was pleasantly furnished. There was a patent spring bed, which rattled when you got into it, and when you turned round in it, as if to give public notice—Another man abed! There was a sofa covered with yellow and purple brocatelle, rather worn at the edges, but otherwise very gorgeous. It likewise was a spring concern, and I regret to state that some of the wires which were connected with the springs had given way—a fact I discovered at the cost of a splendid pair of pantaloons. There was a table of rosewood, which, by an ingenious contrivance of paper under two of the feet, could be made to stand steady; and there were four chairs of the most elaborate workmanship, costing fourteen dollars apiece—as I found, when, on the second day of our stay at the St. Thunder, I broke two of them in trying to lean back, and found them calmly set down in that week's bill. There was also a bureau, with a key to the drawers, as Letty was informed on our arrival; we congratulated ourselves on having a safe place to put our valuables, but our satisfaction was impaired by the discovery, on the following day, that the keys to all the bureaux at the St. Thunder were the same.

Opposite us, across the court-yard, lived a bachelor—a member of the Corn Exchange, I believe—a person much given to ablutions, and therefore commendable, but negligent in respect of the trifling matter of closing his shutters, which compelled me to interdict Letty from visits to our windows before ten A.M. Next to him lived a family whose children, ranging from four to ten, were famous for acrobatic feats, such as leaning out of the window till nothing but their heels remained inside, and then calling to their relatives to bear witness to their dexterity.

Our nearest neighbor—the lady who made such funny jokes after she had gone to bed, and whose husband's appreciation thereof kept Letty and me awake for many an hour—called upon us in a formal way the week we arrived, and desired a better acquaintance. On being informed that Letty was a bride she screamed,

"La! what fun! You don't say!" much to my little wife's embarrassment, as she saw no particular "fun" in the situation.

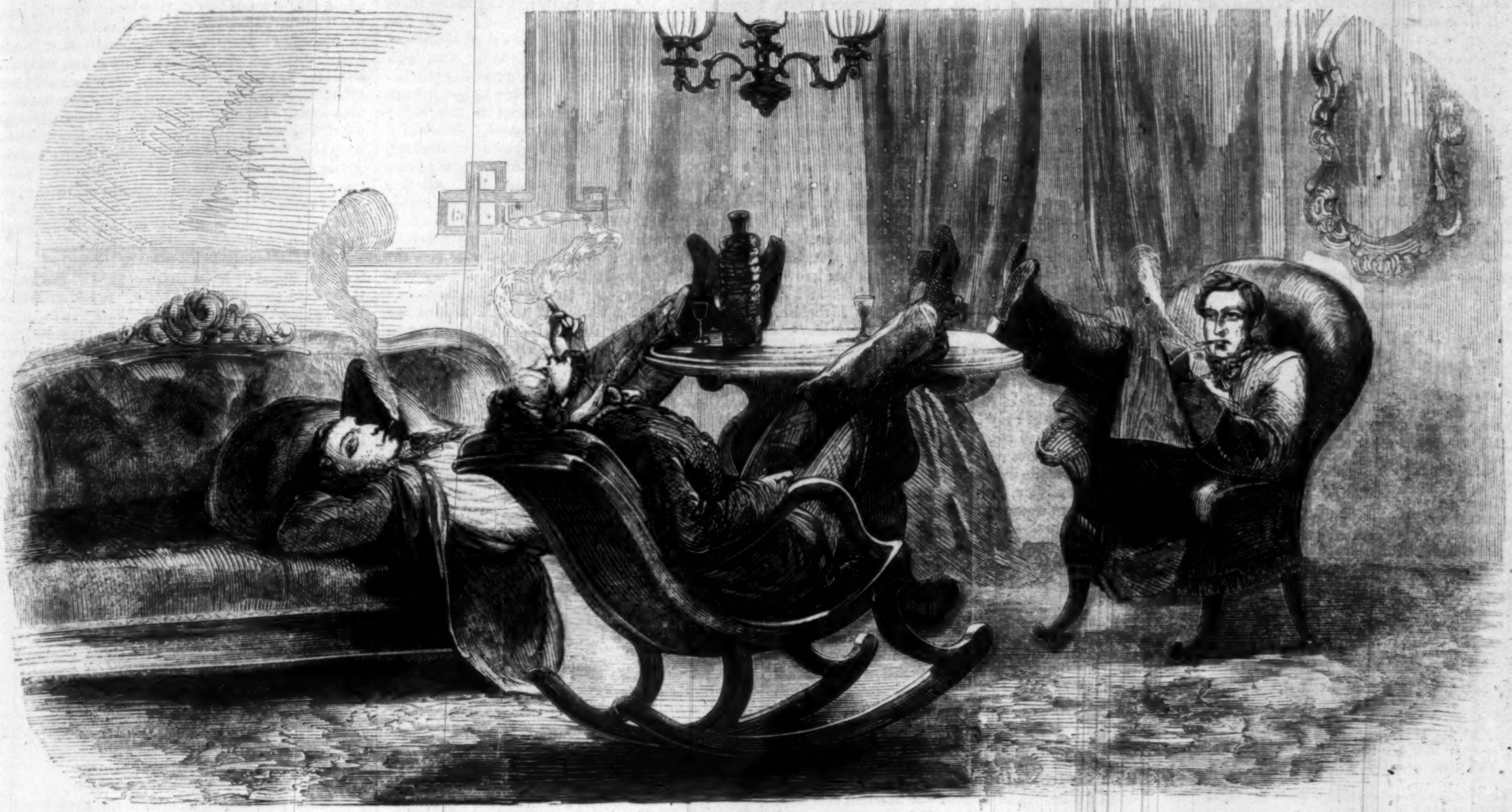
But when Mrs. Beldrum observed that the stout gentleman who accompanied her to breakfast was her fourth, and that her third was in California, and her second in Texas, the embarrassment became very serious indeed. I suggested privately—in a whisper, for we could hear what passed in Mrs. Beldrum's room—to Letty that she should not become intimate with Mrs. B.; whereupon my angel of a wife, who was a perfect dove on ordinary occasions, flared up, and asked me if I wished to sever her from the only sympathetic heart she had found. From that time forth I always found Mrs. Beldrum in my room when I went home. She occasionally "assisted" at the performance of my toilet.

On the other side lived an Englishman with his wife and sister. The three occupied the same room—whether from economy or no, I can not say. The Englishman was a good fellow, though he treated his h's badly; he and his wife used to quarrel a good deal, and the sister always took the husband's part. This led to a crying fit on the part of the wife, which led to kissing, and then the sister laughed a good deal, and sometimes the Englishman swore at her, at which the wife quarreled with him again, and then the Britisher would console himself with his brandy bottle. (I know all these things from the fact that I could hear what passed in their room as plainly as if I had been there.)

Besides Mrs. Beldrum, there was a Mrs. Evans at the St. Thunder. She soon worried me dreadfully. She became my wife's bosom friend, and controlled her entirely. One day that I came home with a headache, at noon, Mrs. Evans insisted on my going down stairs to the smoking-room—as, she said, men had no right to interfere with their wives' privacy during the day. So I added my boots to the row which form the ornaments of the ground-floor bay-window of that famous hotel, and did not dare to return up stairs till four o'clock. My headache was very severe; and four or five cock-tails, which, in my despair, I took to cure it, rather made it worse.

In the evening I wanted to go to bed. Letty looked rather pale and nervous. But Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Beldrum observed that they were all going to the Opera, and that I might go if I chose, though it did not matter. Young Merdon had agreed to take my wife. I said I was ill, and that I would take it kindly if Letty would stay at home with me; and I noticed an impulsive movement toward me on her part; but on Mrs. Beldrum's observing that my conduct was just like the selfishness of husbands, and reminded her of her second, she drew back. Mrs. Evans then observed that, if I was unwell, quiet was evidently the best thing for me, and that *she* would take charge of her darling Letitia; whereupon Letty joined them, and the whole party went to the Opera, leaving me abed.

When Letty came home, she was flushed, unusually excited, and unusually affectionate. She was such a simple little child that I could not reproach



HOW WE SIT IN OUR HOTEL HOMES.

her. Two days afterward she asked me if I had any objection to her joining a few of her friends on a little picnic to the High Bridge.

"What friends?" I asked, somewhat angrily.

"Oh! only Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Beldrum, and one or two other very particular friends."

"Are their husbands going?"

She burst into a laugh. "My dear old fellow," said she, "you don't suppose that these gentlemen can give up their business to go to picnics. No, no; they come for us in the evening; you'll come with them, won't you, there's a dear?"

I said I did not approve of young married women going to picnics without their husbands. At this Letty burst into tears, and said I had lost my confidence in her, and that she wished I would turn her out of house and home at once.

"Home!" I groaned.

They went to the picnic, of course. I found them at eight in the evening, business having detained me very late in the Swamp. There were four ladies, all married, and four gentlemen, all single. They had dined, and the Champagne had flowed freely. Young Merdon was sitting beside my wife in so maudlin a state that he did not hear her introduction to me, and stammered—

"Wha-at? Who's that f-f-f-fellow?"

I seized him by the collar and flung him away; then sitting down by Letty's side, I asked her would she not like to come home?

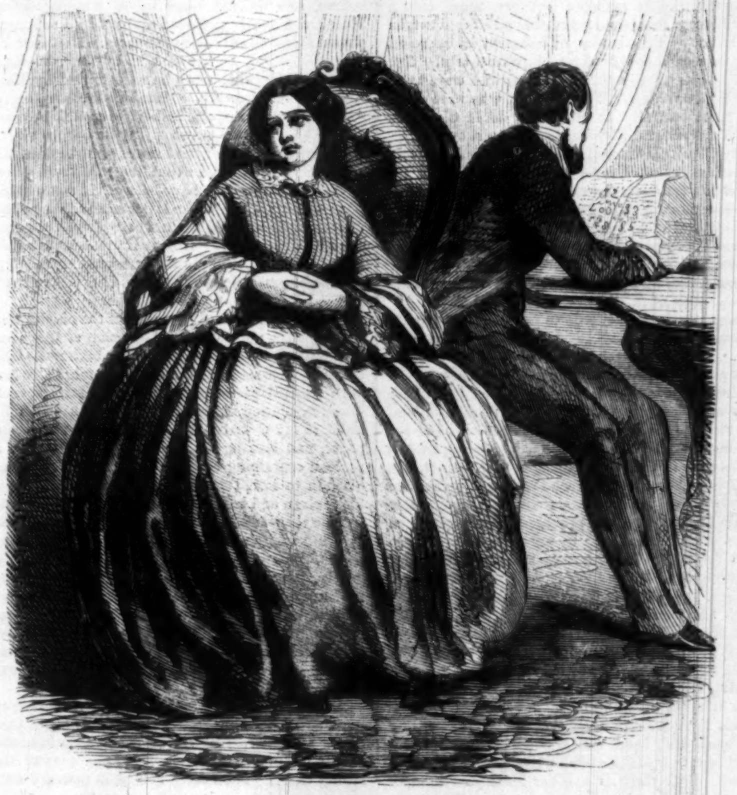
"Home?" she cried, "where's home?"

Where, indeed!

It was on the following morning that Mrs. Evans called upon me—called to say that my treatment of my young, pure, simple-minded wife was such that no human creature could bear it, and that for her part, she thought the sooner a separation took place the better.

I observed, with some alarm, that Letty and I were the best of friends.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, with a venomous look at poor Letty, "you can talk the child over, of course; but your dispositions are not suited to each other, and the sooner you are parted the happier for both of you. You don't trust her. Does he, Letty?"



A HONEY-MOON IN OUR HOTEL HOME.

To my horror, Letty hid her face, and sobbed, "I fear not."

I rushed out of the room and hastened to my friends Teller and Smithson, who occupied rooms in the fifth story. They were enjoying a quiet cigar, with their feet considerably higher than their heads. I told them my perplexity. "My wife loves me," said I, "as dearly as a woman can love, but she is mastered and led by the nose by those harridans." Smithson suggested calling Beldrum and Evans to account. Teller thought I ought to take the women by the scruff of the neck and pitch them out of window. While we were discussing matters a letter was handed me. It was from a lawyer, and was, I presume, in the usual form. It intimated, plainly but delicately, that Mrs. Brown desired a separation in consequence of incongruity of temper, and that I had best save trouble and expense by agreeing to it forthwith. I was overwhelmed.

I rushed to our room. Letty was not there. I inquired about her. She was in Mrs. Evans's room. Admittance to that sanctum was denied me. I wrote to her. She replied coldly but firmly, in a style which I knew was not hers, to the effect that I must address her lawyers.

I gave up the contest. A suit was instituted. I let it go by default. While it was pending my old friend Smithson came to see me.

"Brown," said he, "I want to show you an establishment. Come here with me."

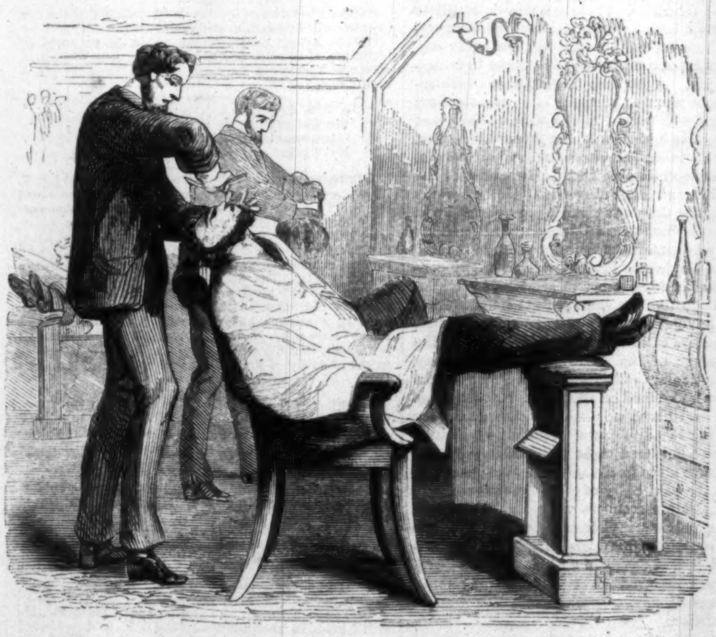
He led me to a very snug little house in Thirty-—— Street. The furniture was plain, but very comfortable; the house large enough for a small family; the neighborhood quiet. It had an air of home about it.

"How do you like this?" said my friend, after I had made a survey of the premises.

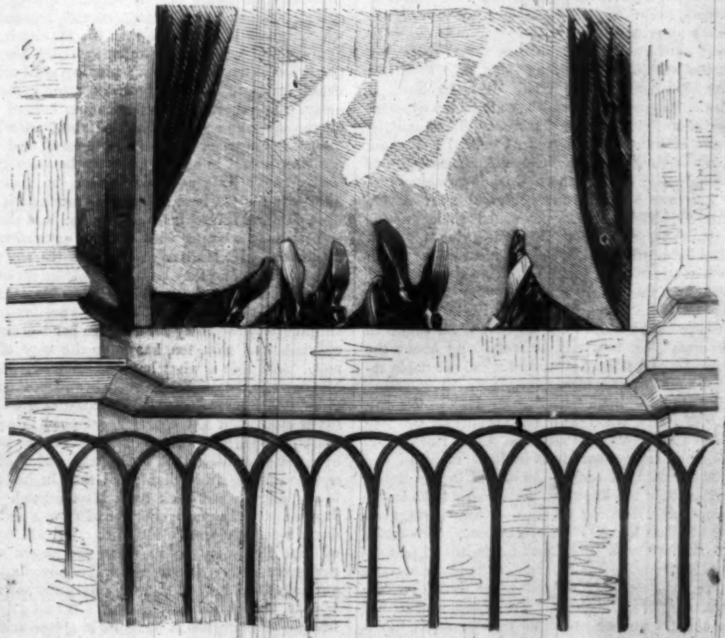
"One might be happy here," I sighed.

"Let me introduce you to the lady of the house!"

How can I describe my feelings when Letty, my own Letty, rushed out of a back room and flung



MORNING EXERCISE.



OUR WINDOW.

herself into my arms, sobbing, "My own dear husband, I am so sorry, so ashamed of myself! Will you forgive me?"

"Letty—" that was all I could say.

"Will you let me stay with you?"

"My darling—"

"Always, always?"

"But I have left the St. Thunder Hotel."

"Oh!" said she with a gesture of impatience, "not there, not at that horrid place; I mean here—I mean at home, at OUR OWN HOME."

Then I knew that Smithson and she had plotted together; that she had thrown off the hateful women's yoke she accepted at the St. Thunder; and that, for the first time in her life, my own Letty knew the importance of a home.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOLEMNLY, silently, sullenly slow—
It is the mourners—
See how they go
On through the rains, and the dabbled slush;
In the gray of the day, and the lonely hush
Of the wailing winds, weary with weeping.

Stretching above in the comfortless air,
For it is winter,
And they are bare,
Chestnut and sycamore, gaunt and gray,
Overhead, o'er the dead motionless clay
Bend down silently, thinking her sleeping.

Through the long avenue echoes the tread
Of the crowd, thronging
After the dead,
Living, they knew not as I did know,
Yet, alas! as they pass, I may not go
To mingle my woe with their sadness.

Loveliest, proudest, and gayest of all
Those haughty rich ones
That swarmed in the hall.
Yet for me, lowly, unheeded, unknown,
She apart bent her heart down from its throne,
To fill me with joy—and with madness.

Like some grand meteor that startles the night
With its great glory
Transcendently bright,
So on my soul-night a moment she shone,
Sudden light, darker night, for she was gone,
Gone! Be still, heart, and cease this wild beating.

Yet, I shall follow where *They* dare not go,
Ha! those same mourners
Solemn and slow.
For *it* is creeping up, up to my heart,
Rampant pain, through each vein, leaps like a dart.
Ah! new pain adds new joy to our meeting.

Now is that wintry sky shut from my sight,
All, all is darkness
Deeper than night.
Here I no longer stay, mourning alone;
Earth, farewell. Hush that bell; make no sad moan:
Two souls are united in paradise.

THE GAMBLING HELLS OF PARIS.

ANY one who has gone the beaten round of the Springs of Baden and Wies Baden, and Homburg, and Spa, must have noted some curious shapes of tradition common alike to them all; that is to say, certain melo-dramatic histories pursuing him close from one to the other. At one time there travels to him from Ems or other remote places of waters, the annual legend respecting the young Russian nobleman. Who is not familiar with the tale! The young Russian nobleman has been sitting for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and during that time has staked, and lost—first, all his money, in the shape of untold roubles—then his jewels and plate—his vast estates at home, his trees, malachite mines, serfs and all; and, finally, with the sangfroid of his nation, has withdrawn into a quiet corner, and there pistoled himself. Or, it may be, that the stranger has hearkened to a dim tradition of the wealthy financier, who had lost his five hundred thousand francs in a night, and whom the bank considerately presented with sufficient to defray his expenses home. Perhaps, too, there has been pointed out to him the gentleman who had sacrificed his all upon the société's altar, and who now lives at free charges, upon the terms of his showing himself about the grounds, and rehearsing his little history to strangers. What pointing of a moral the company may have in view in such policy it would not be easy to say. It would seem natural that the gentleman ought to serve as warning, or wholesome moral scarecrow for the unthinking—bidding them take heed lest they also come to this grief. But the Bank is wise in its generation, and has abundant opportunity of studying human character. There may be a sort of sweet encouragement behind this show figure—this walking affiche—as if the société were calling softly to all comers, Cast down abundantly into our bosoms your gold and your silver, your Friedrichs d'or, your soiled thaler notes, your Naps, and your English guineas. And when lightened of all, who knows but we may take such gentle care of you, as we have done of him? Perhaps some luckless player—now unpapering his last rouleau—may have such Will-o'-the-Wisp floating before him—thinking that if all comes to the worst, he, too, may be wandering about the grounds, and telling strangers what the noble société have done for him.

Those must have been famous days in the gay city of Paris, when play was authorized publicly under the laisser faire Bourbon rule. Such tolerations, of course, bore fruit in duels, murders, and crowded morgue—only to be stayed by the stoical ordinance of the Republic, which went forth on the twenty-first Messidor An. Sept—utterly extinguishing all such houses of entertainment. But crafty Fouché, when casting about for means of perfecting his new police system, revived them once more. Sagaciously enjoining the formation of a stranger's club, or circle. The patent was farmed to one Perrin, who paid no regular sum, but it was whispered among exempts and mouchards that fifty Louis d'or found their way every morning to the Minister's table. This Stranger's Club, or Cercle des Etrangers was in the Rue Grand Batellière, and was the most fashionable resort of all. Three noble presidents—all marquises—watched over its welfare, each drawing for his services a small pot de vin of two thousand pounds per annum. Exquisite suppers were set forth there every night of the week—and their bal masqués were the choicest entertainment of the Paris season. Madame Tallien and other exalted dames were to be often seen there; and it was even whispered that the great Napoleon, shrouded closely in his mask and domino, and leaning on Duroc's arm, had more than once wandered through the rooms.

There were six of these licensed tables, including the celebrated Maison de Livry, better known as Frascati's, which the stranger might find at number one hundred and eighty Rue Richelieu. There was besides a swarm of such institutions under the arcades of the Palais Royal—nicely graduated according to the purses of all comers. These were found convenient; passing bourgeoisie and gaping provincials, fresh from the country, during the last days of Play Régime, rushed to the tables and were ruined together in happy equality.

Even these licensed houses were scarcely found sufficient for the wants of the Parisian world. Certain embassadors, availing themselves of their high privileges, threw open their rooms for the mysteries of Pharaoh—which game was likewise rumored to be in high favor at the Œil de Bœuf—being infinitely relished by Queen Antoinette and her court. Ladies of quality, too, whose means were a little straitened, were gratified with powers to open a sort of tripot in their salons; and, after paying the night's expenses, and suitable bonus to the unseen protector, a very handsome sum was sure to remain for madame's profit. The internal economy of all maisons de jeu was pretty much the same. In number one hundred and thirteen, under the Palais-Royal Arcade, a stake so low as ten sous was permitted. The lowest gamin, therefore, or begrimed charbonnier, was sorely tempted to try what fortune had in store for him. But, a few doors further on, at number one hundred and fifty-four, only gold might be laid down. At the door all visitors had to give up their hats, which curious rule was rigidly enforced in every house, only a few distinguished strangers being privileged to take theirs in. Such slender refreshment as beer and eau sucrée, were served round gratuitously. But at Frascati's, wines and costly refection were to be had for the asking. The servants, who were spoken of respectfully as Messieurs de la Chambre, were important personages in their own way. They usually lent small sums on personal property—such as watches, jewelry, and even wearing apparel; in first-class houses they accommodated distressed players with handsome loans, taking no receipt, and being content with only a small bonus. It has always been the policy of such institutions to dazzle with grand and liberal treatment; after whom walk closely West End clothiers, so heedless on the score of small figures, time, and credit.

Some curious additions to the Chronique Scandaleuse might be furnished from the maisons de jeu. As it was, each house had its share of histories and miraculous turns of fortune, all unfolded in due course to the admiring stranger. How there was to be seen a player, who played every day unvaryingly for a single quarter of an hour and not an instant longer, and who during that span lost three or four thousand francs, or else won twelve or fifteen thousand; and who had thus earned the sobriquet or pet prenomen of Massena. How again another, a young provincial, had come up on the eve of his marriage to purchase nuptial presents for his bride, with only fifteen francs in his pocket; how he had strayed into one of these houses, and gone his way home rejoicing, bearing with him many costly offerings for his fiancée, and ninety thousand francs in clean notes besides! How again a Strasbourg café-keeper came up to town to see the sights, wandered in for a few moments, and issued forth with a rich booty of over two hundred thousand francs. Such gorgeous legends have a savor as of Arabian Nights, filling the neophyte's heart with strange enthusiasm, and send him to the tables filled with longing hope and desire. But there is another history of a more mysterious character, inspiring awe and a certain freezing of the nerves. The scene is at Frascati's, at about two hours past midnight; a gray and grizzled general, with long-pointed mustaches, whose breast is garnished with the St. Esprit, St. Louis, and Legion of Honneur, has been playing desperately since ten o'clock; playing until all his broad lands in Normandy have utterly melted away. For there has been standing behind him all the night an accommodating Hebrew, to whom the poor general's acres are well known, and who has been liberal in his advances on the security of the general's little note. But now the Hebrew, knowing that the land has on it as much as it will bear, declines further accommodation; and the old officer sits in a corner with his face covered up in his hands. He is utterly écrasé, abattu, say winners and losers as they pass by, looking curiously at the broken warrior. But the worst is, that he has wildly staked his little daughter's portion—now sleeping unconsciously far away in her Normandy convent—and that, too, has gone the way of the rest. And this is what has so completely bowed him down to the earth. Meantime, amidst the hum of excited tongues, and the chinking of gold and silver moneys, a tall stranger, wrapped in a long cloak, has entered very quietly. It was noted by a few lookers-on that he is pale, and that his eyes are strangely brilliant, and that he has coal-black hair pushed back from his forehead. He drew near to the gray general, and after a time sat down carelessly just behind him. Then he touched him lightly on the shoulder, and began whispering earnestly; the gray general not heeding him very much at first. Gradually he grew more attentive, and at last suffered himself to be drawn into the window, where he had a long conversation with the dark stranger. Whence he was soon after seen to come forth, very pale, and with compressed lips, but with something like a heavy purse in his hand. What could it mean? Was this another obliging Hebrew? However, place was made for the gray general at the table, who, with trembling fingers, heaped up a glittering pile before him, and began to play. First he had strange luck, and his golden heap began to rise high; when, suddenly, his fortune turned. Gradually the pile began to dwindle, falling away by degrees, until there were left but two or three bright pieces, which at the next cast were gone also. All this while the tall stranger might have been seen standing afar off in the door-way, with his cloak folded about him, and smiling coldly as the gray general's heap melted away. When all was over and the last piece gone, he beckoned over to the gray general with an ivory-like forefinger, who thereupon rose up without a word and walked toward the door, and in another instant he and the tall stranger had departed together. For a few moments players looked uneasily at each other and whispered mysteriously, and then the game went on as before through the whole of that night. But early next morning, certain wood-cutters going to their work hard by the Bois de Boulogne, came upon the body of a gray-haired officer, with gray twisted mustaches, lying upon his back, with discolored marks about his throat. The significance of the dark stranger became then known, and was talked of for many nights in salons de jeu. The legend became a player's legend, and was thenceforth known as the History of Le Général Gris. He is but a type after all; for there were to be seen many, many such ancient warriors, casting away their hard-won substance, and driven to their trusty swords as a last refuge from disgrace and ruin.

Other chronicles are there, no less curious, especially those concerning certain tracasseries played off on the bank. The bank is only fair game for such craft, being held to be a ravening monster preying upon all unhappy players; therefore are all such narratives of chicane welcomed with a certain gusto and enjoyment. Once upon a time (so runs the tradition) two young men strolled into Frascati's, each laying down his fifty double Louis upon different colors. The cards were dealt in due course, and the red came up as winning color. Monsieur A gently gathered up his fifty Louis, and passed away silently from the room. Monsieur B, whose fifty had been swept in by the croupier's rake, was following when he was stopped by Messieurs de la Chambre. Monsieur le Croupier, in gathering up his spoil, had discovered that Monsieur B's Louis were only so many forty-sous pieces ingeniously gilt over, and there was, besides, an awkward arrière-pensée that the stake laid down by Monsieur A might have been of the same quality. However, Monsieur B put a bold face on the matter, and protested against being held to be confrère of Monsieur A. It has always been the policy of the bank to avoid unpleasant fuss or éclat, and so the grasp of the sergent-de-ville was relaxed and the offender suffered to go free.

Again. A well-known general of the empire was so successful with an ingenious coup of this sort, that it has come down to us bearing his name. The social code must have been a little relaxed when such exalted personages were esteemed for such questionable accomplishment. It was the general's habit to lay down a single rouleau, covered up in paper, and bearing the usual outward aspect of a rouleau containing one thousand francs. If it was his fate to lose, the general invariably withdrew his rouleau and handed the croupier instead a note for one thousand francs. But, when his turn came to win, and he was presented with a thousand francs, "Pardon me," said he, putting it back gently, "my stake was considerably more." The rouleau was then opened, and there were found some fifteen or twenty thousand franc notes ingeniously folded between the pieces of gold. The bank made a wry face, but the money was paid, and the general comes down to posterity as an exceedingly "smart man."

A favorite coup d'enlèvement was the dropping of some combustible upon the table, and in the confusion men carried off the open box of gold to the cry of "Sauvons la caisse!" (Take care of the strong box!) The strong box, it is scarcely necessary to add, being never heard of after.

In the days of the Restoration, a peculiar class of houses sprang up, known by the Argot title of Maisons de Bouillote. These maisons de bouillote were no other than second-class cafés and eating-houses, where table d'hôte was set out every day at five o'clock, and after table d'hôte the light dessert of le jeu. A peculiar feature about such establishments was the presence of le commandant or old officer who served in the wars of the great Napoleon. He had usually the père-noble aspect, with a little morsel of ribbon at his button-hole, showing beyond dispute that he belonged to the Legion. His age inspired respect. He had words of warning for the young, made up quarrels, and was special councilor in affaires de cœur. In his company was sometimes found a commandant of another school, whose bearing was in happy contrast to that of his brother in arms. He was familiarly known as the commandant à moustaches en croc, having very fierce twisted mustaches. He had been in at the burning of Moscow and the awful passage of the Beresina, and had many graphic particulars concerning the horrors of that fatal retreat. He had an affection for a rusty blue frock—he had borne it, yes, Messieurs, that very frock, at the bloody fight of Friedland—which he always kept buttoned tight to his chin. In English, perhaps more forcible than elegant, he might be styled the paid bully of the establishment, and his rude Alsatian manners were found useful in overawing refractory visitors. It was terrible to hear him recounting his duels à l'outrance—whereof he had fought numbers untold. As a general rule, he was observed never to fold his napkin or to pay his score, having special exemption from all such ceremonial.

These two personages, or types rather, for they were to be found in all maisons de bouillote, were admirably seconded by certain ladies figuring dramatically as widows of colonels who fell gloriously at Waterloo. Very interesting were their little narratives, told with a gentle sorrow and resignation that touched every heart. Some would bear affectionate sobriquets drawn from their misfortune—such as Widow of the Grand Army, Daughter of Wagram, and the like. Especially solicitous were they for young men's temporal interests, conjuring them with tears to stop short in their wild ways while it was yet time—above all to beware of ce monsieur là, that gentleman; he was dangerous! Oh, he was so dangerous! and had lured so many many handsome youths to destruction.

In this fashion the pantomime of the maison went forward, bringing in its share of grist to the great mill. But the end was at hand. It had grown to be a crying evil. At last the Chambers found it necessary to interfere; a project was presented by the ministers for the time being; and on the last day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, the temples of play were closed forever, and le jeu received its coup de grâce in France. Not before it was full time; for it is set forth that in the last eighteen years of its toleration a sum of nearly six millions sterling had been ingulfed in this fatal Maelström.

These are a few plain facts concerning the gambling-houses of Paris as they existed in the fine old times. Those who desire to learn more may look, not unprofitably, through the pages of the ingenious Bourgeois de Paris.

AN END OF EVERY THING.

HOPE, where wilt thou cast thine anchor?
Faith, where wilt thou make thy nest?
If we can not trust our banker,
Where is confidence to rest?

Earth below will seem forsaken,
Sky appear a blank above;
When Commercial Credit's shaken,
Who will dream of Woman's Love?

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

IF you want to enjoy good health, excellent appetites, and ruddy complexions, throw open your doors, hoist your windows, and give the pure air a chance to circulate where it will do good.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

Mrs. Partington says that "if any one knows a bank where a 'Wild Time' has *not* been produced this season, she would just like 'em to point it out."

The intercourse of friendship is a cordial for the heart. It beguiles the hour of grief, gently weans the thoughts from the selfishness of sorrow, and gives the mourner to feel that earth is not a wilderness.

An Irishman used to come home often drunk, and once when he was watering his horse, his wife said to him, "Now, Paddy, isn't that baste an example to ye? Don't you see he laves off when he has had enough, the craytur! He's the most sensible baste of the two." "Oh, it's very well to discoorse like that, Biddy," cried Paddy, "but if there was another horse at the other side of the trough to say, 'Here's your health, me ould boy!' would he sthop till he drank the whole trough, think ye?"

A kiss, says a French lady, costs less and gratifies more than any thing else in existence.

A liquor seller at Greenport was convicted a day or two since of selling in violation of law, and Justice Hollenbeck, with whom it was discretionary to imprison him for "not more" than twenty days, very considerately sentenced the offender to *ten minutes'* imprisonment on one charge and *five minutes* on the other.

A fellow once pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied, "I am not skilled in the dead languages."

A gentleman dined with a friend one day,
And above he heard sobbing and crying;
He inquired of his friend in an anxious way,
"If there was any one sick or dying?"

"Oh no," he replied, and smiling his best,
While they were discussing their ices,
"I've just refused Helen a new silk dress,
And produced a financial cry-sis!"

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey.

"No, not exactly," replied Simmons; "but I have broken three or four wagons."

If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

"Cato, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes toward the south in the winter?"

"Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de 'clemency of de norf, and so am 'bliged to go to de souf, where he 'speriences warmer longitude," was the philosophic reply.

A little stealing is a dangerous part,
But stealing largely is a noble art;
'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost of a hen,
But stealing millions makes us gentlemen.

A Prussian journal relates a singular fact. In an Israelite community there exists a Rabbi, esteemed and loved by all. To prove their gratitude for services rendered, the community decided (upon the suggestion of a rich merchant) to offer the Rabbi a present of a tun of wine, and in order that all might contribute to it, it was agreed that each should bring a bottle of wine, and pour it into the receptacle. The Rabbi received with gratitude the offering, and with much precaution deposited the precious liquor in his cellar. But, oh grief! when he wished to taste it, a miracle had operated; instead of wine he found only water. His honest friends had all individually thought that a bottle of water would pass unperceived in the quantity of wine. Unhappily each had the same idea.

Speaking of lions—that was an "idea" of the Hard-shell preacher, who was discoursing of Daniel in the den of lions:—"There he sot all night, looking at the show for nothing; it didn't cost him a cent!"

"Is molasses good for a cough?" inquired Jones, who had taken a slight cold, and was barking with considerable energy. "It ought to be," said Brown; "it is sold for *consumption*."

You can't fill a man as you fill up a pitcher.
He always will hold
A little more gold,
And never so rich he wouldn't be richer.

He knows his nose. I know he knows his nose. He said I knew he knew his nose; and if he said he knew I knew he knew his nose, of course he knows I know he knows his nose.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, December* 21, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite heavy for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs during the week, depressed by large arrivals, a pressure to sell, and a restricted inquiry....Cotton opened very tamely at drooping prices. Toward the close, favorable advices received from the South and from England occasioned a livelier inquiry, and prices acquired considerable steadiness....Provisions have been moderately dealt in. Prices fluctuated somewhat, but closed with a tendency in favor of buyers....Groceries attracted much attention at buoyant rates during most of the week....Hides and Leather were actively inquired for, and closed buoyantly....No remarkable movements occurred in other commodities....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$4 65
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 30	@	4 70
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 50	@	7 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 80	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel...........	4 35	@	6 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 85	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	4 25
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 25	@	3 70
White Wheat, per bushel..............	1 12	@	1 48
Red Wheat, per bushel................	95	@	1 25
New Crop Corn, per bushel............	56	@	66
Rye, per bushel......................	70	@	72½
Barley, per bushel...................	67	@	82
Western Oats, per bushel.............	45	@	47
State Oats, per bushel...............	43	@	46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	35	@	39
Southern Oats, per bushel............	30	@	34
Cotton, good middlings, per pound....	10¾	@	11¼
Mess Pork, per barrel................	15 50	@	15 85
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	13 50	@	14 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	9 75
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	5 75	@	6 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	19 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel................	14 00	@	15 75
Bacon, per pound.....................	8	@	9½
Lard, per pound......................	9¼	@	9¾
State Butter, per pound..............	13	@	24
Western Butter, per pound............	10	@	16
Cheese, per pound....................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound................	8½	@	10¾
Cuba Sugar, per pound................	5½	@	7¾
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	17	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound................	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon..........	24	@	24½
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound..........	7	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound.........	10	@	35
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon.......	—	@	40
American Fleece Wool, per pound......	27	@	45
" Pulled Wool, per pound...	20	@	28
North River Hay, per 100 pounds......	50	@	75

Freights exhibited increased activity and firmness. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. @ 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 6½d. @ 7½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. per barrel; Beef, 4s. @ 4s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 664.

The Live Stock Market last Wednesday was over-supplied with Beeves, for which a restricted inquiry prevailed, and prices closed a shade lower....Though the number of Milch Cows offered was larger than for several preceding weeks, good Cows were not as plenty as they were needed, and for all such ready buyers were found at remunerative rates....Veal Calves were in fair supply and demand at uniform figures....There was an improvement in the Sheep and Lamb Market, both in quality of stock and ready sales, at a slight advance in price....Swine arrived less freely, while they were more sought after at slightly improved quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Dec. 9.*	Week ending *Dec. 16.*
Beeves......................	2,649	2,972
Milch Cows..................	173	209
Veal Calves.................	480	491
Sheep and Lambs.............	7,788	8,386
Swine.......................	7,269	3,706

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York State....	1055	Connecticut.........	60
Illinois............	377	Texas...............	50
Ohio................	330	Pennsylvania........	35
Kentucky............	260	Virginia............	35
Indiana.............	196	New Jersey..........	15

The range of prices, according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$0 6½	@	$0 10¾
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound..............	4	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head...........	3 00	@	11 00
" " per pound.........	5	@	10
Live Swine, per pound...............	4¾	@	5¼
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½

The Country Produce Markets display considerable activity, especially for the leading kinds of Fruit and Vegetables.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel..................	$2 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	7	@	8½
Hickory Nuts, per bushel............	2 00	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel...............	3 00	@	3 50
Peanuts, per bushel.................	70	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel.............	5 50	@	8 50
Potatoes, per barrel................	2 00	@	3 50
" per bushel................	90	@	95
" sweet, per barrel.........	3 00	@	4 25
Onions, per barrel..................	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel.................	62	@	87
Squashes, per barrel................	1 75	@	2 25
Pumpkins, per 100...................	10 00	@	18 00
Beets, per barrel...................	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbages, per 100...................	2 50	@	4 25
" Red, per dozen............	62	@	87
Cauliflowers, per dozen.............	75	@	1 25
Parsnips, per barrel................	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel.................	1 25	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100......................	4 00	@	5 00
Celery, per dozen...................	75	@	1 00
Garlic, per 100.....................	5 00	@	5 50
Eggs, Limed, per dozen..............	17½	@	18
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen..............	23	@	24
Chickens, per pair..................	62	@	75
" per pound.................	8	@	12
Fowls, per pound....................	7	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair...............	56	@	62
Ducks, per pound....................	11	@	13
" per pair..................	25	@	2 00
Turkeys, per pound..................	8	@	14
Geese, each.........................	75	@	1 25
Pigeons, per dozen..................	1 50	@	1 75
Woodcock, per dozen.................	5 00	@	—
Grouse, per pair....................	1 00	@	1 25
Partridge, per pair.................	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs.......................	1 25	@	2 00
Rabbits, each.......................	10	@	15
Hares, each.........................	10	@	15
Squirrels, each.....................	3	@	4
Venison, per pound..................	8	@	13
Bear Meat, per pound................	16	@	20
Beef, per pound.....................	6½	@	9
Mutton, per pound...................	4	@	10
Lamb, per pound.....................	5	@	10
Veal, per pound.....................	4	@	7
Pork, per pound.....................	5½	@	7

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, Dec.* 21, 1857.

The foreign trade of the port during the week compares as follows with the trade of the corresponding week last last year;

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Dec. 19, 1857	$2,042,033....	$1,033,346
Corresponding week, 1856	2,917,654....	1,942,304
Decrease..............	$875,621	$908,958

The total export of specie during the week from New-York is about a million, which includes a parcel sent from here to the Boston steamer. Considering the light export and the gain from California, it is expected that the Banks will show, this Monday, twenty-eight millions in specie.

Money is still abundant, and good paper scarce. The Banks are beginning to exercise more caution in selecting names, and are avoiding doubtful railroad stocks. Exchange on London rules at 109½ @ 109¾, but many parties prefer drawing sight bills at 111 @ 111¼.

The course of the Stock Market has been irregular; after rising during the early part of last week, it fell at the close, and drooped heavily on Saturday.

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Give one to your wife, to your sweetheart, or sister,
To shield her from pain and from wasting disease,
'Tis better than bleeding, or bolus, or blister.

As it sews you a seam, a knot it will tie,
As strong as the knot of the parson, or stronger;
On its genius and skill you may safely rely,
Though the stitch you should fancy be shorter or longer.

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MRS. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," has become a contributor to Harper's Magazine, and a thrilling story from her vigorous pen will be found in the January Number.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S POWERFUL TALE, entitled "THE MARRIAGE TRAGEDY," will appear complete in the February Number.

The above three stories are written exclusively for Harper's Magazine.

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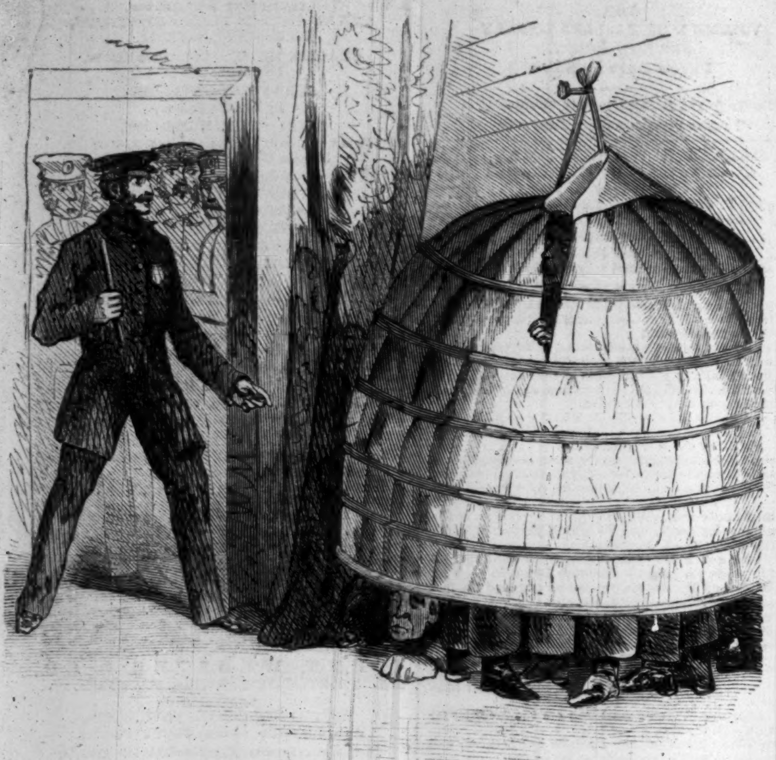
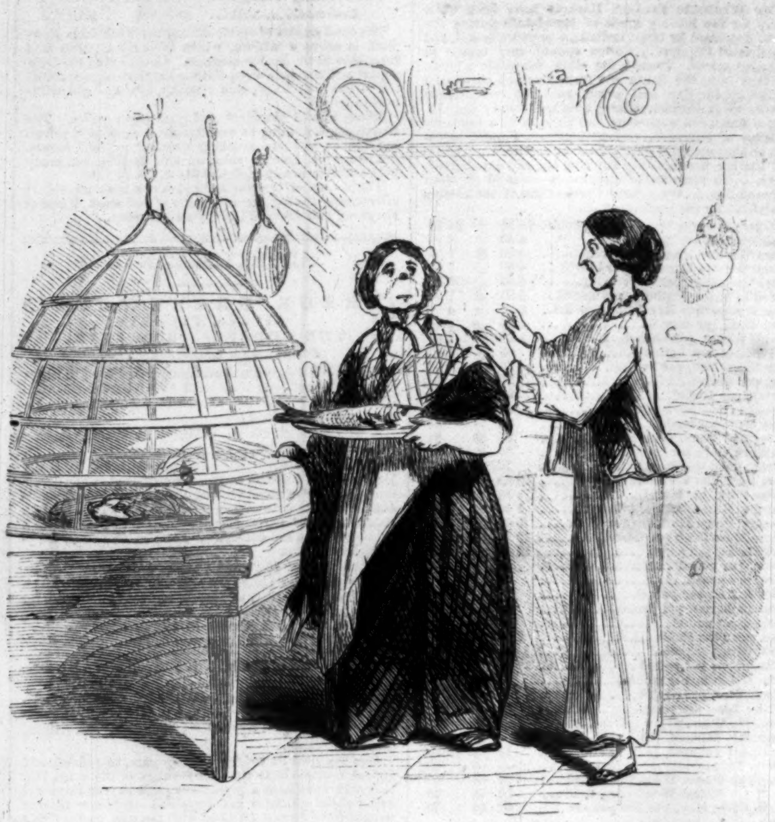


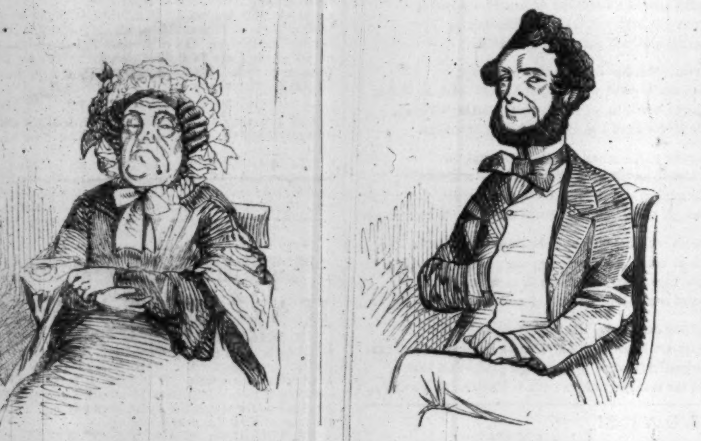
SURPRISING INCIDENT.—(*From the Daily Papers*)

"Captain Locust, of the Metropolitan Force, having chased two notorious Burglars to a house in Water Street, proceeded to search the premises; but, though it was known that many thieves must be concealed there, he obtained no trace of them till he entered a closet, which the lady of the establishment used as a Dressing-room. There, at infinite risk, he succeeded in dislodging Fourteen Herculean Brigands from the inside of a Fashionable Hoop!"

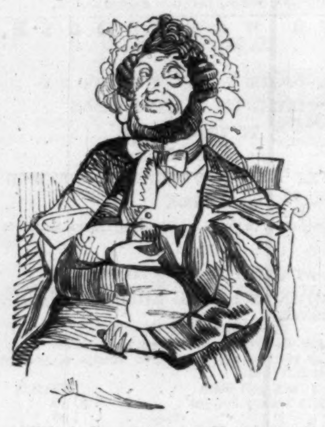


Mistress. "Why, Cook, what *have* you been doing with my Hoop?"
Cook. "Hoop, M'm, sure I thought it was a new kind o' Meat Safe!"

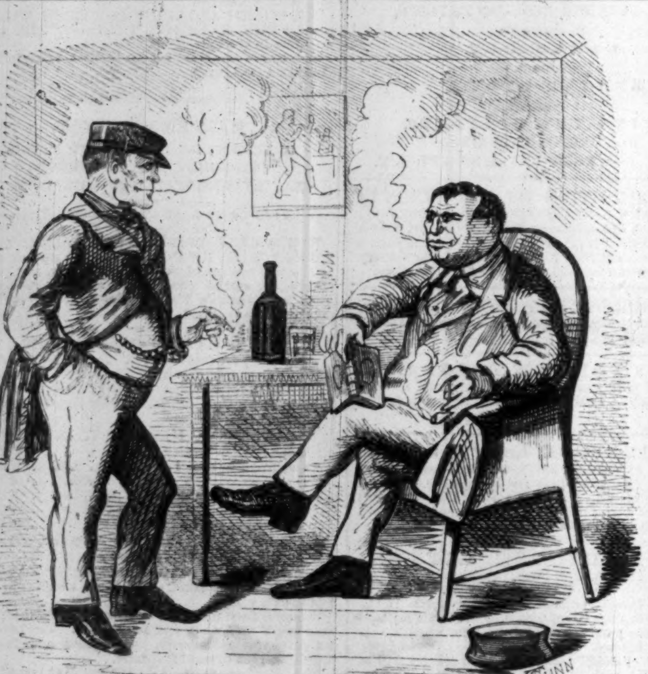
STEREOSCOPIC PORTRAITS.



Mrs. Smith having, in her ignorance, torn off one of the two Photographs of her beloved Husband which were used in the Stereoscope, replaces it by a Photograph of her own darling Mamma This is how the two Portraits looked side by side.



This is how the young Husband and his Mother-in-Law looked, when, by the unitive effect of the Stereoscope, their two Physiognomies were rolled into one.



A BIT OF PROFESSIONAL CRITICISM.

First Gentleman (*who "Travels on his Muscle."*) "Wot y'r been readin', Ben?"

Second Gentleman. "Wy, a new book, called *Guy Livingstone*, and a real, fisty Novel it is, I tell you! I guess the Orthur is one of the Fancy hisself. But there's one objection I has. He always makes his Nobs lick. Now I should like to have a set-to with him. I think a few Rounds might knock that idea out of him!"

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